

# THE THEATRE

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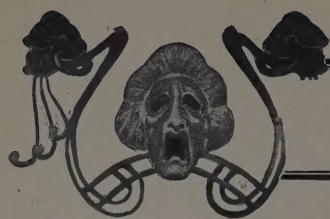
ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



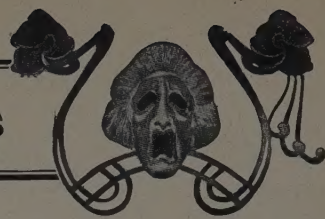
Sands & Brady, Providence

JULIA MARLOWE AS JULIET





## Some Recent Plays



NANCE O'NEIL, who was seen lately at Daly's in a number of important rôles, is practically a new comer to metropolitan audiences, yet in some respects this actress stands by herself, superior to any woman player on our stage to-day. In the old-fashioned style of acting—elocution and posture—she is even without a rival. What, then, prevents the enthusiastic submission of the public to her? An actress, to be successful, must make an appeal wider than to one locality. What no doubt proves a serious obstacle to her general acceptance is the misapplication of her own qualities and merits. Assuredly, she has temperament, judgment and good sense back of all this art, but the consciousness of that art overwhelms her, making her mechanical. Let her retain the art, but add to it truth, thus rendering the art really subordinate and a means to an end only. Was there ever an orator who was merely or mainly an elocutionist? Once pitch the voice above the natural key, and artificiality takes the place of naturalness. In short, Miss O'Neil is giving too much attention to the externals. Otherwise, she is an exceedingly interesting figure on our stage, and a career of distinction is possible for her if she subordinates elocution, posture and gesture to spiritual intimacy with the characters she depicts. In that case, where now her face lacks mobility of expression, her eyes will speak and her countenance will be irradiated with the changeful demands of the soul.

On December 5, Miss O'Neil produced a scriptural tragedy in four acts by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, entitled "Judith of Bethulia." The cast was:

Holofernes, Charles Dalton; Bagoas, Chas. Millward; Archior, Louis Massen; Ozias, Joseph Wheelock; Charmis, George Friend; Nathan, Arthur H. Sawyer; Joachim, Gilbert Aymar; Abner, W. C. Thorne; An Archer, Walter Hill; First Captain, Joseph Gillon; Second Captain, Herbert Forrest; Marah, Gertrude Binley; Naomie, Clara Thompson; Arzael, Ricca Allen; Judith Nance O'Neil.

The poetic drama is particularly within the province of Miss O'Neil, and no inconsiderable success may be conceded to her as Judith. It was, however, a success limited by her own limitations and those of the play. Mr. Aldrich is not primarily a dramatist. His "Judith" is a story play. While much of it is in the nature of the dramatic, it is plain that he was not guided, in the writing, by those proper dramatic tendencies which tend to a complete, consistent and powerful result. A single example may be sufficient. The second act of the play makes little or no progress except in the way of acted story. It sees Judith started on her mission, and is largely taken up with an episode at the gate of the city as she is about to depart. The people are famished for water. Their desperation we have known from the very opening of the play. In the throng of maddened people Judith sees Naomie, an old woman; insanity in her eye, the token of past misery in her mass of unkempt gray locks. It is Judith's old

nurse. Reason is awakened in her for a moment, and in itself the scene of recognition has a certain pathos. But what of it? Nothing. Judith goes off accompanied by her young and comely maid. Now, what are the dramatic tendencies that should have made suggestion to the poet at this moment, not for theatrical effects only, but for true dramatic economy and results? Instead of the hand-maiden, this creature, filled with wrath against the oppressor, her former nurse, should have ventured with her in her perils. The hand-maiden is a mere dummy in the ensuing action. Imagine the possibilities with Naomie, with her flaming spirit, by her side! And so it is throughout the play; instead of action we too often have a mere condition of affairs. Judith goes to destroy Holofernes. The Bible has it so; but Bible or no Bible, the dramatist must always consider the best dramatic means. If Judith should go to the Assyrian camp by the divine command of the dream, trustful, and yet not having it as her resolve to slay Holofernes, and then should slay him in defense of her virtue, would it not be more dramatic? would she not have

more sympathy? would not the divine purpose be as truly carried out? would we not have that unexpectedness and that action which the drama demands? This is no attempt to reconstruct Mr. Aldrich's play, but only to point out that it lacks sustained interest because of dramatic defects. But this is the case with all the Judith plays. The subject has been tried several times. In the tent scene, where Judith inflames the passion of Holofernes by ministering wine and by chaste allurements, Miss O'Neil was seen at her best.



Photo Will Armstrong, Boston

NANCE O'NEIL AS JUDITH.

Miss O'Neil's production on Nov. 28th of Herman Sudermann's drama, "Johannesfeuer" (Fires of St. John), was the first performance of the play in America. The cast was:

Mr. Brauer, McKee Rankin; George Van Harten, Charles Dalton; Pastor Haffner, Louis Massen; Paul, Joseph Wheelock; Mrs. Brauer, Clara Thompson; Gertrude, Gertrude Binley; Gypsy Woman, Ricca Allen; Katie, Mrs. Scott; Marie, Nance O'Neil.

Sudermann usually only busies himself with the affairs of the world immediately about him. In "Die Ehre" he dealt a sledgehammer blow at false notions prevalent in Germany of "honor." That drama was, in every way, thoroughly of the times. But in the "Fires of St. John" it is impossible to discover purpose that rises much, if any, beyond the romantic. A child, Marie, has been adopted by a farmer's family. Her mother was a gypsy, and now that the girl has grown, the mother, a thieving creature, reappears. Marie cannot follow the instincts of love, and must cast her aside. The daughter of the family is about to marry the nephew of her father. Passion springs up between this nephew and Marie. It culminates on the night when the Fires of St. John are set upon the hills, according to an old custom. The symbolism is that these are unholy fires. Marriage



between Marie and her lover would seem impossible. They determine that such is the hard case. Marie, with the passionate daring of her race, after a scene of real emotion, urges herself upon him. The consenting curtain falls. The young man marries the maid to whom he is plighted. What of it all? Nothing. We have only had a definition of the Fires of St. John. Marie is burned at the stake, having bound herself willingly thereto, by the Fires of St. John, while the young man escapes without penalty. The story of Marie is pitiful. Perhaps she deserved better. Perhaps the play is a cry against social inequality. The character of Marie is not forced on us by Sudermann idly or for the purpose of romance, and she always has our sympathy, but the play has no great significance. It is solidly built and is dramatic. At times, Miss O'Neil struck the right note of simplicity in her acting. If her performance had been free from classic influences her success would have been pronounced. McKee Rankin gave an excellent portrayal of the father, a plain, brusque, stern, affectionate, spirited ruler in his own household and over an estate requiring the exercise of authority. His hand was also to be seen in the control of the stage and details of the acting.

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE. "The Usurper." Comedy drama in four acts by I. N. Morris. Produced Nov. 28, with this cast:

John Maddox, N. C. Goodwin; Basil, Lord Dulverton, Norman Tharp; Sir George Treney, Eille Norwood; Rob Quentin, Felix Edwardes; Sergeant Dale, W. H. Post; Timmons, Neil O'Brien; Lady Dulverton, Ina Goldsmith; Beatrice Clive, Ruth Mackay; Polly Maddox, May Sargent; Rosina Briggs, Georgie Mendum; Margaret Quentin, Ethel Beale.

An undoubted and decisive element in the successful career of Nathaniel C. Goodwin is that he knows a play when he sees it. Those actors who do not possess this faculty of discernment fail. Very well; he has a play in "The Usurper," a play that acts, a play that gives him his scenes; but, with all his contributory skill, he has not been able to so modify and qualify it as to give it that degree of politeness which is required by his audiences. It is a melodrama, but he has sought to give quiet endings to the acts. He has done all that he could, and the play remains rubbish. A Western ranchman, who has made millions, and who has fallen in love with an English girl whom he chanced to meet in his early days, goes to England and leases the estate and castle of the girl's impoverished family. It is stipulated that the family remain to keep house. The girl is about to elope with an engaging rascal. She has promised to show the tower of the castle to the ranchman. In order to save her from the elopement he persuades the girl to show him the tower at once. Once in it he locks the door. The villain is "the author of the ruin" of the girl's maid. The maid's father has escaped from jail, and is determined to kill the villain; his daughter is keeping the convict in concealment in the tower. By means of a series of melodramatic complications the truth comes out, the girl is saved, so that the ranchman does not pay for his lease in vain. Mr. Goodwin infuses his humor into many of the scenes, but, on the whole, the play does not require further record.

PRINCESS THEATRE. "Richard III." Tragedy by William Shakespeare. Presented Dec. 5, with this cast:

Duke of Gloster, Robert B. Mantell; King Henry VI., Thomas Lingham; Earl of Richmond, W. J. Montgomery; Lord Stanley, Carl Ahrendt; Sir William Catesby, Frederick Forrest; Tressel, John C. Connery; Lord Mayor of London, Harry Keefer; Edward, Prince of Wales, Irene Hunt; Duke of York, Blanche Hunt; Duke of Norfolk, Harry Kerns; Sir Richard Radcliffe, George Macy; Earl of Oxford, Edward Foos; Sir James Blount, Wm. Hunt; Lieutenant of the Tower, David R. Young; Elizabeth, Queen to Edward IV., Lillian Kingsbury; Duchess of York, Eva Benton; Lady Anne, Marie Booth Russell.

The stage of the Princess Theatre is a small one, and hardly adapted to the exploitation of big theatrical effects. To present such heavy plays as "Richard III." and "Othello" on its boards is very nearly to court invidious criticism. Robert Mantell, however, braved the difficulties of such a venture and suffered from some of the inevitable consequences. His scenery, designed for larger playhouses, would not fit, and dire and dreadful at the

opening performances were some of the lighting mishaps and stage contretemps. At later presentations things worked more smoothly, and the merits of his crooked-backed tyrant were better understood and appreciated.

It is a robustious Richard which he presents. A good, old-time traditional Gloucester, such as was presented every Saturday night by an established favorite and tried performer in the palmy days when Shakespeare had a following on the Bowery and lower Broadway. It is never subtle, but always picturesque. The



MISS EVIE GREENE

As the Duchess of Dantzio in the operatic version of "Mme. Sans Gêne" to be seen shortly at Daly's



"make-up" is bold and sinister, the pantomime graceful and effective, and the costuming appropriate. Mr. Mantell's sonorous voice is heard to advantage in the soliloquies and the speciousness of his wooing of the easily-won Lady Anne is accomplished with considerable skill. In the combat scene there is passion and fire. Altogether it is a sound and commendable impersonation.

The supporting company hardly shines, but real pathos and power are evinced by Lillian Kingsbury as Elizabeth, and Marie Booth Russell, an extremely handsome and distinguished woman, plays Lady Anne with admirable refinement and grace. W. J. Montgomery was acceptable as Buckingham, and Eva Benton made an impressive Duchess of York.

The favorable impression made by Mr. Mantell and his company was repeated when, a few nights later, "Othello" was presented. Mr. Mantell portrayed the Moor in a strong and artistic manner, and Miss Kingsbury surprised everybody by her excellent performances of Emelia.

LYRIC THEATRE. "The Fortunes of the King." Melodrama in four acts, by Mrs. Charles A. Doremus and Leonidas Westerfelt. Produced Dec. 6, with this cast:

Charles Stuart, Mr. Hackett; Clement Lane, James L. Seeley; Lord Wilmot, Samuel Hardy; Sir George Villiers, Frederick Webber; The Earl of Derby, George Dickson; Col. William Carlos, Peter Lang; Gen. Henry Ireton, Robert Holmes; Capt. Mark Davereaux, William Courtleigh; Cornet Snakeley, M. J. Jordan; Richard Penderel, George Schaeffer; Humphrey Penderel, E. L. Duane; Jane Lane, Charlotte Walker; Drusilla Coningsby, Flora Bowley; Tabitha Penderel, Eleanor Sheldon.

James K. Hackett is once more appearing as a royal personage. It is quite apparent that he enjoys playing characters associated with crowns and tottering thrones, and it is equally patent that his following—and a large and enthusiastic one it is—equally enjoys him mid scenes of regal magnificence and adventure.

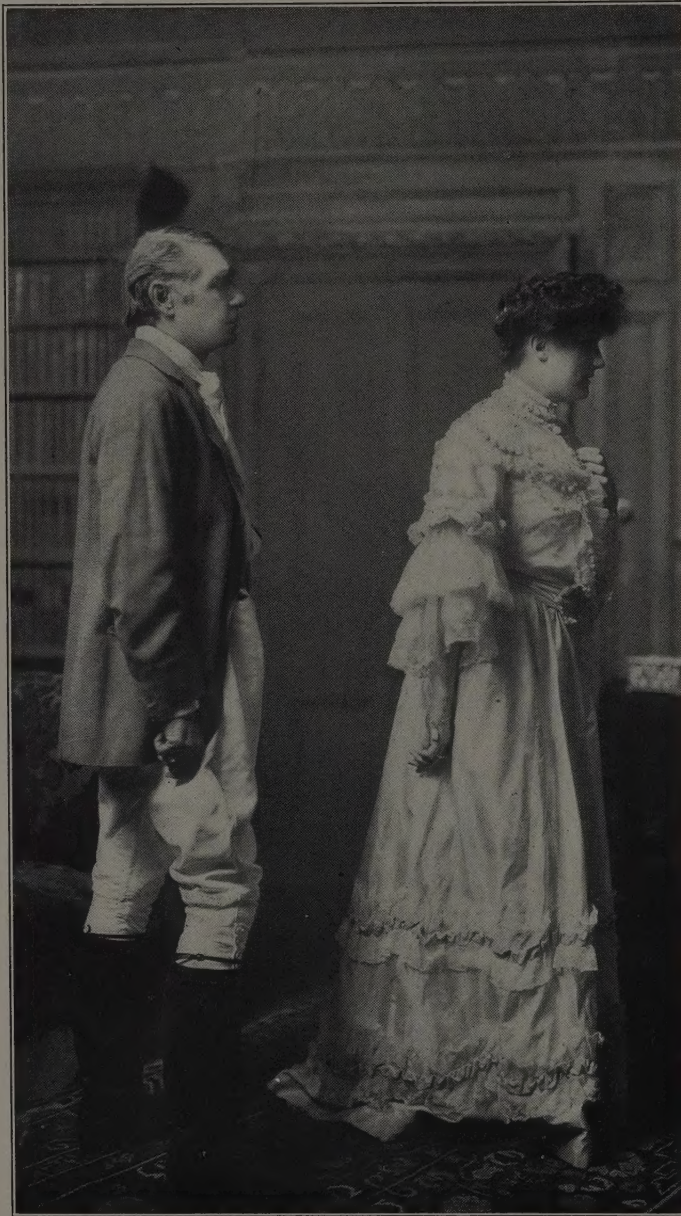
Mrs. Charles Avery Doremus and Mr. Leonidas Westerfelt are responsible for his latest historical (?) vehicle, which is known as "The Fortunes of the King" dealing as it does with the harried vicissitudes of that English monarch, yclept Charles II. The action takes place at Boscobel, Bristol and Shoreham, wherein the King, hunted by the Puritans, eludes them and later takes ship to France, where the expedition is subsequently fitted out that ultimately restores him to his throne.

It is at Boscobel that he meets his unhistorical fate. Masquerading as one Jones, Jane Lane, the sister of a proscribed royalist, saves him from capture at the hands of Capt. Mark Davereaux, one of Cromwell's Ironsides. He in turn saves her from his untoward persecutions, and after trick doors have

sprung, blades have flashed and marvelous escapes effected, the unsophisticated spectator is led to believe that the dashing Stuart later makes the devoted Jane his bride.

"The Fortunes of the King" is a play based upon sound and tried lines. It might truthfully be described as purely conventional, but it is put together with workmanlike finish. The situations are deftly handled and the effectiveness of the curtains sustained. The love scenes are not without charm, and the comic relief secures its purpose. Some of the language has a rather grandiloquent ring, but the piece is one that audiences will like, and Mr. Hackett will need to look no further for an attraction to round out his season. The play is handsomely mounted, the stage management is clear and vigorous, and the costumes rich and harmonious.

It is almost superfluous to add that Mr. Hackett cuts a very dashing figure as the hunted king. He sweeps through his scenes of adventure with compelling force, and makes love with a romantic fervor that will make the matinee girl his still more devoted slave. He might, however, improve his diction. It is slovenly at times, and not always comprehensible. Charlotte Walker enacts the ingénue lead with winning graciousness and contributes not a little to the success of the performance. William Courtleigh is a handsome villain, and acts with his customary skill. The rest of the cast is entirely adequate.



Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore in "Mrs. Goring's Necklace"

MANHATTAN THEATRE. "Leah Kleschna." Play in five acts by C. M. S. McLellan. Produced Dec. 12, with this cast:

Paul Sylvaire, John Mason; Kleschna, known as Monsieur Garnier, Charles Cartwright; Schram, William B. Mack; General Berton, Edward Donnelly; Raoul Berton, George Arliss; Valentin Favre, Etienne Girardot; Herr Linden, Robert V. Ferguson; Leah Kleschna, Mrs. Fiske; Madame Berton, Cecilia Radclyffe; Claire Berton, Emily Stevens; Sophie Chaponniere, Frances Welstead; Frieda, Marie Fedor; Charlotte, Mary Maddern.

As the author of the book of that international musical comedy success, "The Belle of New York," C. M. S. McLellan gave indisputable pleasure to countless thousands. As the author of the new play, "Leah Kleschna," which Mrs. Fiske has produced with such consummate skill and appreciation at the Manhattan Theatre, Mr. McLellan will interest as many more, and at the same time achieve for himself a lasting place in the ranks of living, breathing, vital playwrights. It is not too much to say that his remarkable study of regeneration is not only the strongest drama of the season, but one which for its craftsmanship and character delineation must be included among the great dramatic efforts of modern times. It was a bold jump from "Glittering Gloria" to "Leah



Kleschna," but Mr. McLellan's saltatorial feat won out, and his latest work deserves to rank with Sudermann's "Magda," Sardou's "Diplomacy," or Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Already it is the talk of the dramatic season for thrilling suspense and absorbing interest. Something which compels the absolute attention must have merit, and as a consequence Manager Fiske is not likely to need a change of bill for the remainder of the year.

"Leah Kleschna" is something more than a moving drama. It is a document of human interest, it is a study of modern conditions with a sociological aspect which will entertain not only those who look merely for amusement, but that constantly growing body of citizens who realize the obligations placed upon them in their dealings with their fellow men. The exposition is masterly. The story is started with a few bold strokes. A line, a paragraph, is so carefully prepared that months of emotion and life in the make-up of a character are revealed with a certainty that requires nothing further. The plot begins with the rise of the curtain, and the complications unfold with a mechanical accuracy that is absolute, and yet the machinery never creaks. It marks the results of a man who has thoroughly mastered the details of his subject before putting pen to paper. The altruistic hero, with his advanced ideas for the regeneration of the fallen, suggests one of those protagonists so familiar in the plays of Dumas fils. But he is never pedantic and his humanity blends in splendidly with the scheme of a story dealing with the uplifting of a woman thief, daughter of a daring scoundrel, whose reformation and rescue are accomplished by her love of and admiration for this man. Dramatically, it is a succession of scenes that absorb, and while the final act is in its nature anti-climacteric, it is handled with such lucidity and brevity that the sentimental interest is preserved and the transition from the strenuously dramatic to the placid phase of poetical suggestion is perfectly accomplished.

Mrs. Fiske's work in the title rôle commands the heartiest praise. Her mannerisms will assert themselves—at times her rapid, jerky utterance made her quite unintelligible—but the temperamental characteristics of the rôle are manifested with all the assurance of a master of her craft. In its poise, strength and finish it is splendid accomplishment. John Mason, as Sylvaine, the altruistic politician, acts with a suppressed emotional force and dignity that robs the rôle of all didacticism; and as the arch-thief, Charles Cartwright, an English actor, plays with an ease and an airy insouciance that makes plausible his preda-

tory triumphs. Something positive for its pathetic strength and sustained portraiture should be noted of William B. Mack's impersonation of Schram, the thieving accomplice, whose undying devotion for Leah is a sentimental factor of moving beauty. George Arliss, as the decadent young Parisian, Raoul Berton, rounds out a quartet of rare dramatic merit. The minor rôles are, with perhaps a single exception, handled with nice intelligence. The stage management is always illuminative, and the scenic accessories of real artistic value.

GARRICK THEATRE. "Brother Jacques." Comedy in four acts by Henry Bernstein and Pierre Veber. Produced Dec. 5, with this cast:

Genevieve, Annie Russell; Madame Morange, Mrs. Chas. W. Walcott; Pauline, Greta Bennett; Valentine, Davenport Seymour; The Princess, Claire Winston; Jacques Jouvenin, Oswald Yorke; Marquis de Chantard, Grant Stewart; Jean, Joseph Wheelock, Jr.

This is a slight French comedy that has been spoiled in the process of translation, for apparently it was "adapted" liberally before being dished up before a New York audience. The story in its main outlines is amusing enough—from the French point of view! Genevieve, a young woman possessed of millions, is sought in marriage by an impecunious young nobleman, or, rather, the suitor's scheming father does all the courting, his ninny of a son being too much of an imbecile for even such innocent pastime as spooning with young heiresses. Genevieve, a somewhat undecided virgin, entertains a sisterly regard for Jacques Jouvenin, a robust young man without fortune, but who hopes to eventually succeed in the rubber business. He is very chummy with Genevieve, and she always calls him Brother Jacques. He is well aware of the count's manoeuvres, and, although loving Genevieve well enough to marry her himself, urges the girl to accept the count for the sake of the title. Genevieve lets herself be persuaded and weds the imbecile count. The wedding breakfast is barely ended, however, when she regrets her bargain. She seeks an interview with her young husband—timid and bashful as a schoolgirl, although sophisticated enough to be supporting a chorus girl in Paris—and puts the case before him. He agrees with her that their union is ridiculous. She has prepared a plan. He shall take the train at once for Paris, join his amrita, and she will sue for a divorce on the ground of desertion. He consents with joy, taking a flying leap through



The Indian Squaw chorus in the musical comedy, "It Happened in Nordland," which inaugurated the new Lew Fields' Theatre, New York



a window, and Genevieve simulates a fit of hysterics before the frightened guests. All of which, of course, leaves the coast clear for the return of, and her marriage to, Brother Jacques.

This, to be sure, is not very strong meat for those playgoers who seek intellectual entertainment in the theatre; nor is it so uproariously funny for those who seek only to be amused. It is a mild, innocuous exhibition, wildly improbable and not too interesting in its characters and dialogue. The rôle of Genevieve fits Miss Annie Russell as it would fit any other actress of similar personality. There is very little to do except look sweet and demure, and this Miss Russell can always do to perfection. The imbecile husband—a possible type in French play; absolutely inconceivable as an American character—was greatly overdone by Joseph Wheelock, Jr., whose sense of humor, running as it does in one rut, is in danger of becoming monotonous. The part of Brother Jacques was acted in a conventional manner by Oswald Yorke.

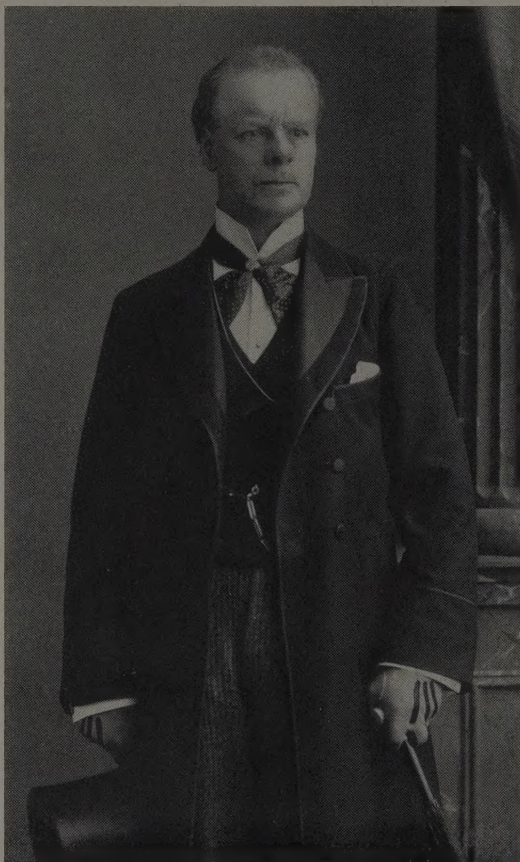
CRITERION THEATRE. "The Second Fiddle." Comedy in three acts by Gordon Blake. Produced Nov. 21, with this cast:

Leopold, Louis Mann; Paula, Georgia Welles; Count Alfred, Percy Lyndal; Lorient, Edward See; Baron Sergius, William Hassan; Fanchonette, Dorothy Revell; Anatole, Thomas Davies; Cacolet, Charles Dade; Victor, the call-boy, George Gaston; Lizette, a milliner, Mary Bacon; Mme. Dupont, a concierge, Marie Bingham; Nina, premier danseuse, Gertrude Doremus; Huishi, Saito; Cabman, H. Williamson.

There is a strong family likeness between "The Second Fiddle" and "The Music Master," not only in the titles of both pieces, but also in the general outlines and incidents of their respective plots, so striking a likeness, in fact, as to suggest a common origin. In the Belasco production it is a man's wife who is stolen; in Louis Mann's play it is the manuscript of an opera which is purloined, and in each instance the villain is a gentleman highly esteemed in the community, and a piano is forcibly removed—in the one case for non-payment of dues, in the other to raise money for arrears of rent. The glaring improbability in the dramatic proposition of each piece is, in the Klein play, cleverly glossed over by Belasco's masterful stage management and David Warfield's beautiful acting, but in Mr. Mann's piece it stands out in all its naked crudity. With a little indulgence, one can accept the idea of a father making the sacrifice of his own happiness to see his newly-found daughter happily married to an honorable man; but we must draw the line at any sane composer of a successful opera permitting a blackguard to steal his work and pose as its author in order that the girl he (the composer) loves may succeed as a prima donna and marry the said blackguard. That is the chief trouble with Mr. Mann's play, the utter impossibility of its story. Otherwise, its first two acts are very entertaining, and in the title rôle Mr. Mann did some of the best German dialect comedy of his career. To be sure, he spoiled some of his best scenes by over-acting, rendering pathetic situations grotesque by carrying his caricature too far, but, on the whole, it was a delightful performance that went a long way to make amends for the shortcomings of the play. Georgia Welles was sympathetic as the heroine, and Marie Bingham contributed a clever bit as an irascible janitress.

LYCEUM THEATRE. "Mrs. Gorringer's Necklace." Comedy in four acts by Hubert Henry Davies. Produced Dec. 7. The cast:

Captain Mowbray, Charles Wyndham; Colonel Jardin, Alfred Bishop; David Cairn, Chas. Quartermaine; Mr. Jernigan, a detective, T. W. Rawson; Charles, Bertram Steer; Mrs. Jardin, Miss Vane Featherston; Isabel Kirk, Miss Lillias Waldegrave; Vicky Jardin, Miss Daisy Markham; Miss Potts, Miss Ethel Marryatt; Mrs. Gorringer, Miss Mary Moore.



EDWARD TERRY

Distinguished English actor of comic rôles who is now paying his first visit to New York. Terry's Theatre, London, whence he brings his company and productions, has belonged to and been occupied by him for a great many years, in the course of which time he has originated parts in such successful pieces as "Sweet Lavender," "Love in Idleness" and "The Woman Hater." "The House of Burdette," in which he has made his initial appearance here, is an adaptation by Louis N. Parker, who wrote "Rosemary."

It is the dialogue that saves this play from discredit. The author has a fresh and fanciful view of life, and he has constructed several situations that are rich in humor. But the plot itself is puerile. David Cairn, a guest at the country house of Colonel Jardin, steals a diamond necklace belonging to Mrs. Gorringer, another guest. His courage ebbs and he secretes the jewels in a jardinière wrapped in a handkerchief belonging to Captain Mowbray, a third guest. The handkerchief episode, with the fastening of suspicion upon Captain Mowbray, is very poor melodrama, which grows positively maudlin before the end of the play. Cairn and Captain Mowbray are in love with the Colonel's daughter, and a secret marriage between Cairn and her seemingly puts Mowbray out of the running. For the girl's sake, he permits the suspicion of theft to rest upon himself, and instead of revealing certain incidents that would point toward Cairn as the guilty man, he compels the misguided youth to confess the crime. After this confession, Cairn goes into the garden and kills himself.

Sir Charles Wyndham has in Captain Mowbray one of those gentle parts that become him well. He knows nicely how to express self-sacrifice and nobility with humorous relief and charm of manner. His actions in renunciation were admirably attuned, and he appealed strongly to the sympathies of the audience, even in a rôle that is hedged about with impossibilities. But the honors of the production went to Mary Moore. Her acting in the part of Mrs. Gorringer—a shallow-brained, selfish, self-assertive, frivolous woman—was delicious comedy.

NEW YORK THEATRE. "Woodland." Musical fantasy by Pixley and Luders. Produced Nov. 21, with this cast:

King Eagle, Charles Dow Clark; Prince Eagle, Cheridah Simpson; Blue Jay, Harry Bulger; Robin Redbreast, Harry Fairleigh; Gen. Rooster, Frank Doane; Judge Owl, Stanley H. Forde; Dr. Raven, Frank D. Nelson; Cardinal Grosbeak, Harry N. Pyke; Miss Nightingale, Ida Brooks Hunt; Mrs. Polly Parrot, Ida Mulle; Lady Peacock, Emma Carus; Miss Turtle Dove, Margaret Sayre; Miss Jenny Wren, Helen Hale.

An exquisite as well as entertaining musical spectacle is this fantasy, in which all the performers impersonate birds of different species from the humble sparrow and tuneful lark to the lordly bird of paradise. Mr. Savage has always been very successful in discovering young, fresh voices combined with comely faces, and of these there are many in "Woodland." It is, indeed, seldom that one sees on the stage, in a piece of this character, voices of such musical quality and training. As entertainment, the piece leaves nothing to be desired; as a spectacle, it is a thing of beauty. The diverting comedy of Harry Bulger as Weary Willie, who would be King of the Forest, keeps the audience in constant good humor, while the graceful ballets, and the solo songs of the various birds are delightful to the eye and ear.



# MRS. FISKE TRIUMPHS IN "LEAH KLESCHNA"



Schram (W. B. Mack) Leah (Mrs. Fiske) Kleschna (Chas. Cartwright) Raoul Berton (Geo. Arliss)  
Act I. Kleschna, old-time crook, is planning to have Leah, his daughter, steal the Sylvaine jewels



Phoros Byron, N. Y.  
Act II. Leah breaks the safe to get the jewels and is caught by Paul Sylvaine



General Berton (Scott Cooper) Leah (Mrs. Fiske) Paul Sylvaine (John Mason)  
Act III. Convinced that Leah was only a tool in her father's hands Sylvaine has let her go. After her departure it is found that the jewels have disappeared. They have really been stolen by Raoul, the degenerate son of General Berton, but appearances are against Leah, who is summoned to explain



Kleschna Leah  
Act IV. Leah, disgusted with her past criminal life, decides to leave her father forever



Paul Sylvaine Leah  
Act V Now an honest toiler in the fields, Leah once more meets the deputy Sylvaine, who summons her to a life of happiness



BROADWAY THEATRE. "The Two Roses." Comedy-opera by Stanislaus Stange; music by Ludwig Englander. Produced Nov. 21, with this cast:

Rose Decourcelles, Fritz Scheff; Philip Merivale, Roland Cunningham; Andrew Oldfield, Clarence Handyside; Mrs. Oldfield, Josephine Bartlett; Ferdinand Day, Louis Harrison; Dr. Thomas Well, M. W. Whitney, Jr.

Like most operettas hastily thrown together to exploit any particular star, "The Two Roses" proved a colorless composition; utterly without inspiration and deficient both in humor and tunefulness. The story, founded on "She Stoops to Conquer," introduces all the characters of Goldsmith's famous comedy, Fritz Scheff appearing as Squire Oldfield's ward. But the book was clumsily contrived, the lyrics were dull and Mr. Englander's music at no time rose above the level of mediocrity. Fritz Scheff, of course, was delightful in everything she did, her clear, fresh voice and vivacious acting completely captivating her auditors.



Louis Mann in his new play, "The Second Fiddle"

LEW FIELDS' THEATRE. "It Happened in Nordland." Musical extravaganza by MacDonough and Herbert. Produced Dec. 5.

Lew Fields' new, cozy little theatre on 42nd St. is likely to be very popular with those theatregoers who prefer light entertainment. The musical comedy now occupying its boards is a fantasy, the scenes of which are laid in a mythical country called Nordland. The plot, which deals with the mysterious elopement of the Queen, is not very deep, but it affords opportunity for the exhibition of a lot of spectacular costumes, and marches and dances by hosts of exceedingly

ly handsome girls. With such old-time favorites as Marie Cahill, May Robson, Julius Steiger, Lew Fields, Harry Davenport, Joseph Herbert and others in the cast, the performance could hardly be other than enjoyable. Mr. MacDonough's book is bright and Victor Herbert's music contains some very successful numbers.

## IN MEMORIAM—Mrs. G. H. Gilbert

SHE graced the stage, but with a finer grace  
She showered on life the sweetness of her heart,  
Enwreathing, in inseparable embrace,  
The charm of nature with the charm of art.

Toilers there are who crave no loftier aim  
Than the bright witchery that enchants the throng—  
Yet here was one, fed with diviner flame,  
Whose lovely life was as a lovely song.

Therefore the faith no earthly trials destroy,—  
Sure of the rapture that awaits above,—  
Sheds holier tears for her than those of joy  
While crowning her with love's own crown of love.

December 8, 1904.

A. E. LANCASTER.

### A FELLOW PLAYER'S TRIBUTE.

ONE dove-gray morning in Paris, Whistler, over his rice, chocolate, and a Mephisto-red geranium, thus judged Augustin Daly's comedians at the Vaudeville: "Rehan charms, Lewis fine Moselle, Drew never-failing, but Mrs. Gilbert—I should like to paint her."

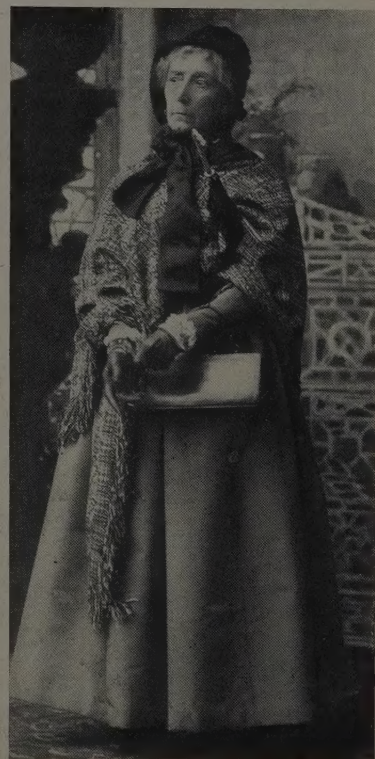
Another day, in London, wiping his monocle with a remnant of Pompadour brocade, he remarked with rare gravity, "Cherry-pie time and a sweet old aunt, noon-napping in the shade of tall garden-flowers—that's Mrs. Gilbert."

It is ten o'clock Christmas Eve morning. Mr. Daly has called a rehearsal of "Taming the Shrew." The snow at the stage door creeps nearer the white knobs as if to turn them and enter like a ghost all a-cold. Mr. Daly, one leg hanging in oblivion, the other tucked among loose sheets of manuscript, is in the red-leather elbow-chair, near the T light, rather doubtful of the coming of all his players in so mad a storm, when, as from a fairy-trap, Mrs. Gilbert appears, chuckling like a child with its first carmine sled, the homely, smiling face, framed in waves of frost-jewelled hair, and the old arms bearing against her bosom Yule-tide presents for the great and for the lowly. Of course, the actors applaud, and a pretty protégée

shakes the snow from her brown hood, but the heroine laughs all of us lightly to silence, but none can say that rain or snow ever turned her from her duties there. And in her shopping, has she forgotten? No,—not even the brandy-mince pie for the Christmas table.

When Marie Geistinger sang her farewell in Germany, the audience arose, threw kisses, lace kerchiefs, and nosegays gathered near the Rhine. It may be that the people of New York are not so loyal, still, they may not so shortly forget as do the people of Berlin. We cannot forget Mrs. Gilbert in "A Night Off," into which she brought so much that is inimitable and refreshing. Her sweetly sincere voice still lingers in our jaded ears, and her face and that head-lace falling in soft lines upon her shoulders, we can still see as in a slowly vanishing dream. Into every character she infused a Dobson-like quaintness and exquisite reality that we shall miss for many a day.

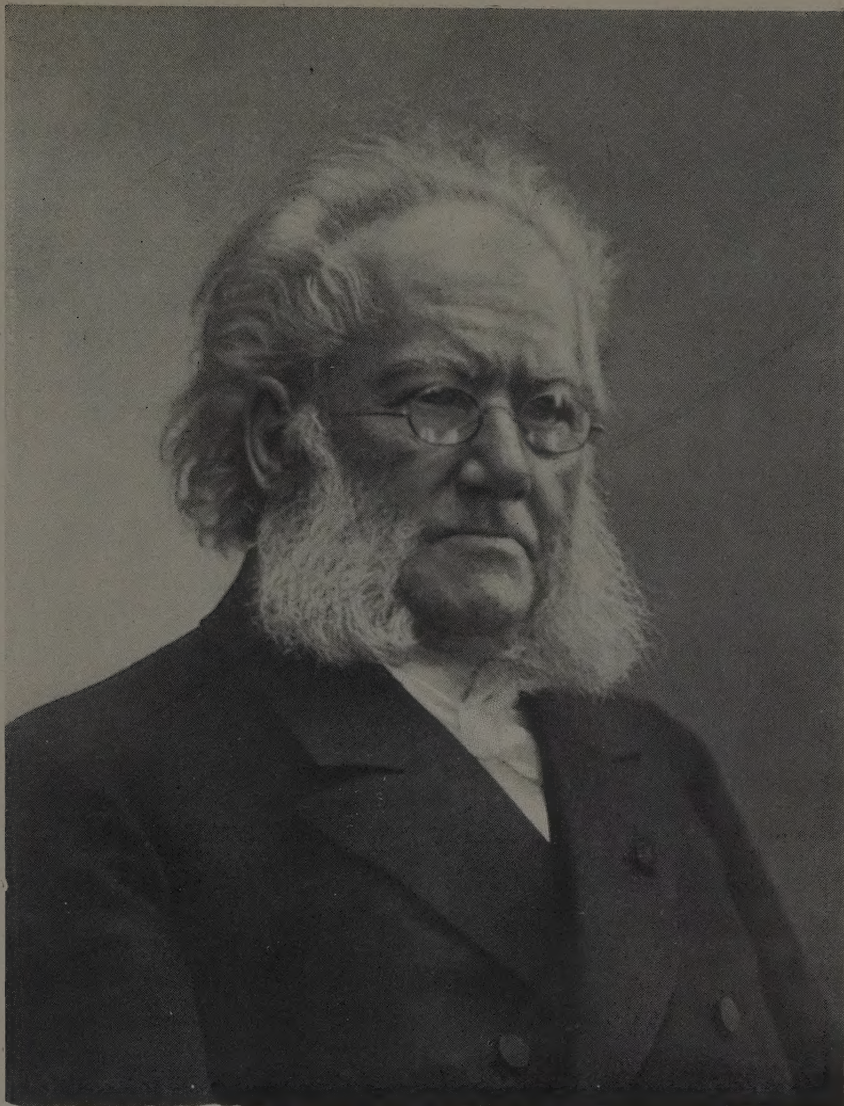
After all, the actor departed, true stage-art never quite dies, it must remain one of the pleasures of memory, and is a gift from the gods, who give not dead fruits. GEORGE LE SOIR.



Sarony

Mrs. Gilbert in "The Lottery of Love" Daly's Theatre 1888





Berlin Photographic Co., New York

THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF HENRIK IBSEN

## The Real Henrik Ibsen

**T**HE world, which has endorsed the genius of Henrik Ibsen, knows very little about the personality of the man.

There is a general impression, however, outside his native Norway, that the dramatist is a gruff old fellow, with shaggy side whiskers, an intellectual giant who stalks through life mercilessly criticising his fellow men, without a heart, without a smile, without a drop of that milk of human kindness which makes the whole world kin.

Many years have passed since Ibsen, unannounced and unheralded, spoke the first words of his message; more than ten years have passed since he gave us his last. He has had his say about his fellow man, but his fellow man is by no means finished with him. There is little doubt that posterity will discuss the personality of Ibsen as we to-day discuss the personality of Shakespeare, only with this difference, we know more about Ibsen than we ever shall about the Swan of Avon.

The air in Scandinavia literally teems with anecdotes about the broad-shouldered Norseman, and in Christiania there is hardly a boy who is not ready to boast of having at least seen Dr. Ibsen, or even of having touched the tail of his long frock coat. A friend in the Norwegian capital told the writer that he and a companion were out walking one afternoon on one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the city, and so interested were they in their conversation that they paid no attention to the passersby until my friend collided violently with a robust person. Looking up, the two young men were horrified to see Dr. Ibsen glaring at them. They were about to make humble apologies when the

dramatist roared out: "Torsk!" The literal translation of this is "codfish;" it is worse than idiot, and is about the meanest word used to express stupidity.

Ibsen's plays contain no distinguishable portrait of their author, nor do they appear to be in any appreciable degree inspired by varying moods. They convey to us some idea of what the man might do in great crises, but life is not made up only of immense problems. There is a natural desire to see a great man now and then among little things, to know that after all he is one of us. The sombre creator of Nora has succeeded in surrounding his person with a gulf of dignity, across which but few men have sailed. There are probably not more than three or four people living whose acquaintance with the playwright, his character, his point of view, his domestic philosophy, his attitude toward the trivialities of the daily existence—is at all intimate.

Ibsen despises newspaper controversy. Even when his play, "Ghosts," was savagely attacked, when the press spared him no insult and called him madman, when clergymen deluged him with epistles of reproach, when all humanity shook their fist at him and when his friend, Georg Brandes, urged him to say a word in self-defense, Ibsen remained mute. Shortly afterwards he gave to the world "An Enemy of the People." That was his answer.

The hostile attitude of the English public a few years later opened the old wound. George Bernard Shaw has told us about it in his "Quintessence of Ibsenism," and Shaw was the cleverest of his champions. The fight, as we know, was desperate, but short, for the public concerned was limited. The greater public soon



lost patience and ranked the melancholy old man of the North among the chief attractions of the literary dime museum.

For the last two years, Sigurd Ibsen, the playwright's son, and others, have been collecting the letters of Ibsen, and these have recently appeared in book form simultaneously in Scandinavia, Germany and England. They are about to appear in America. These documents are of rare value to the student searching for the inner motive. If Ibsen is reserved in all other matters, he is frank in his letters, and the same fearlessness that characterizes the superb scenes of his masterpieces inspires him when he happens to be speaking as a mere individual, to a friend or an opponent. We learn from these letters that his own development took place under peculiar conditions. He has steeped himself as it were in isolated thought. He has lived for one aim—the perfection of every quality in his soul that could make for greatness. He is generally harsh in his opinion of other authors, and guilty, too, of reckless assertions, as the following letter may show:

"Dear Brandes: I hereby affirm that I have never in my whole life read a single volume by George Sand. I once started *Consuelo*, but hurriedly put it down, as it struck me as being the product of an amateurish philosopher, not that of a poet. But I read a few pages only at that time, and I may have been wrong.

"To Alexandre Dumas I owe absolutely nothing, as regards dramatic form, except that reading his plays has taught me to avoid quite a few rather tough discrepancies and misconceptions, which he not infrequently deals in."

This note, written in 1896, was a response to an inquiry by the Danish critic. The relation between Brandes and Ibsen is a little story in itself. They have met but three times, though they have known each other for almost forty years; each has with deep concern watched the growth of the other; each has, on more than one occasion, been of positive comfort to the other, for their trials have, after all, been of the same character. And yet there can be but slight affinity in their very different natures. To Brandes, words like Liberty, Future, Revolution, form a symphony of heart-uplifting sound, a stimulus to the power to strive, while in Ibsen's ear they have no meaning, no sense. These two great men have soberly and elaborately discussed in letters some of the greatest problems we know of, and though they have touched hands on some very vital issues, their sentiments have generally been at variance. In Brandes there is the spirit of the enthusiast who clings passionately to the fibres of youth; only serious maturity is the element that Ibsen considers it worth while to appeal to.

In this connection it will possibly be appropriate to quote from a letter Ibsen wrote to Brandes from Dresden in February, 1871, the most troubled year of Brandes' life:

"I have thought, it is true, that my silence would be apt to provoke you, but I confidently hope that our relation is such that no bond between us will be broken for that. Yes, I have this presentiment that a correspondence carried on without lapses between us would entail a danger of this sort. When we shall have faced each other, then, and not before, many things will appear otherwise, and much light be thrown upon phases that are now obscure to both of us. . . . In your previous letter you ironically admire my state of mental calm under present conditions; now in your friendly (?) note you make me a hater of liberty. The fact is, my spirit is at ease because I consider the prevailing misfortune of France the greatest piece of good luck that could possibly be attained by that nation. As to liberty, I think that question limits itself to a mere controversy on words."

An interesting characteristic of Ibsen is his politeness, his faculty for doing the right thing. Probably every writer of whatever ability, who happens to have dedicated a book to him, has received from the dramatist a letter of cordial appreciation. In Scandinavia, there is much talk about the distinguished Norseman's vanity, which could well be likened to that of Whitman. Ibsen's great personal principle is, that, to himself, his own work is the greatest thing in the world. This conviction, as he somewhere admits, has been an inexhaustible source of sustaining strength to him. Since the day when he first mastered his dramatic form, he has accepted aid of no one, he has borrowed nothing. The power of concentration, of self-centred effort, has never had a more illustrious example than Henrik Ibsen. He has done his work behind bolted doors, and some of us feel that portions of it have been written in the dark.

Like many superior intellects, the Norwegian playwright is indifferent to criticism. He prefers to be his own critic. We know, however, that he has always had a high opinion of Brandes' estimation of his productions. Regarding translations, Dr. Ibsen is quoted as saying one day in Berlin, to a visitor who found him writing "The Lady from the Sea," that all foreign versions of his books were poor. Yet, the playwright has called Edmund Gosse's translation of "Brand" masterful, and surely such a work must have been anything but easy to render into English.

Another illuminating quality of Ibsen may be found in his attitude toward women as an inspiration to the creative force of the other sex. He does not praise their value as an essential, elemental power of life in arts and letters. He ridiculed John Stuart Mill because of that philosopher's beautiful dedication in *On Liberty* to his deceased wife. Such sentiment sounds absurd to Ibsen, whose nature is so complete in itself, whose moods are those of reflection rather than feeling. Thought stimulates him, as feeling makes the ordinary poet vibrate. And yet Ibsen is nothing, after all, if not a poet.

It may interest the reader who cares for details of personality to know that Dr. Ibsen's hand-writing is clear and round. Strange to say, that of his son markedly resembles it. Scandinavian authors have not yet become addicted to the use of the typewriter. Who can, by the way (to be irreverent), fancy Henrik Ibsen pounding such a machine, or even dictating to some auburn-haired nymph the ponderous speeches that make a few of us think hard and the rest sigh with impatience?

As to his methods of work, the world has eagerly accepted all sorts of spurious comment. It has been said that in composing a drama the playwright invariably has before him a sort of checker-board, upon which are placed a number of corks or other objects, to represent the characters of the play and show their relative positions on the stage. It has also been related that Dr. Ibsen walks about like a man in a trance while composing a drama, and that his home, in such a circumstance, is like a house of mystery, where all the members of the family are afraid to speak above a whisper. This, however, is nonsense. Personally, Ibsen is a lover of the home, and a whole article could be written about his wife, a sister of Magdalena Thoresen, who died last year, and whose name as an author is dear to every reader of Scandinavian fiction. But Mrs. Ibsen is even more shy than her world-renowned husband. She perpetually keeps herself far in the background of their common life, thus forming a sharp contrast to Björnson's wife, who is often seen with her husband, and who, indeed, has her say in the business of his life. Ibsen has not uttered many sentences on personal matters for publication, but in the few references to his home-life, he has never omitted to speak of his wife in the warmest terms. We know, indeed, that she has made great sacrifices, that she has lavished tenderness and care on her distinguished husband, and that she, of all the world, understands him best.

Ibsen has only one son, Sigurd, who looks like one of the Vikings of old—a very cultured Viking, that is. The son was educated in Dresden, principally, and he is a man of rare political insight, backed by first-class scholarship. He was with his father during the critical days in Rome, many years ago, when Henrik Ibsen, strong in his silence, silent in his strength, was fighting the fight of his life against poverty. Once in a while clippings would be sent him from Scandinavia, which in those first years of his career shot arrows of poisonous criticism at him, and the growing Norseman would then sit down and, letting a mood overwhelm him, allow his bitterness to flow into the cup of purifying poetry. He never wrote better verse than certain poems that came from his pen in Rome. The prospects were gloomy and no light seemed to shine in the distance. Still, he had his friends, and among these was a young student, Schullerud by name, around whose memory there should be a perennial glory. For Schullerud *discovered*, before any one else, the immense genius of Henrik Ibsen. When publishers rejected the





NATHANIEL C. GOODWIN

One of the most distinguished actors on the American stage and immensely popular with the theatregoing public. He was born 48 years ago in Boston and went on the stage when he was thirteen at the Boston Museum. Then he gave readings of Shakespeare, thus showing early in life that love for the great Shakespeare plays in which it has always been his ambition to act. He appeared at Niblo's Garden, N. Y., when he was about eighteen and there he became identified with those comedy roles which the public has ever since insisted on his appearing in. Some of his most famous parts are: Chancey Short in "A Gilded Fool," Sim Lazarus in "The Black Flag," Cruger in "An American Citizen," Nathan Hale, Teddy North in "The Cowboy and the Lady." This year he is appearing in a melodrama by I. N. Norris, entitled "The Usurper," and next season he is to star under the management of Charles Frohman.



author's manuscripts, and when despair, on such occasions, unnerved his hand, the young student invariably had the power to cheer his friend. "Don't worry," he would say, "we'll publish the books at our own expense; I've got the necessary money, thank heaven! and in a few years it will come back with enormous interest, and we'll all take a gay holiday on the proceeds." What a wise prophet! It touches the sensitive spirit with grief that this devoted friend died before ten people had seen what he was so ready to give his last cent to further.

Sigurd Ibsen has written a few novels—ambitious novels, dealing with conflicts of human passions, but they are not books of very mentionable merit. It was not, decidedly, as a novelist that Sigurd Ibsen was to distinguish himself. From his father he inherited that great psychological faculty which enables one to look into the minds of men. He is now Minister of State, a finely-trained diplomat, and one of the leading public men of Norway. It is rather remarkable that the four leading Norwegian authors, Ibsen, Björnson, Kielland, and Lie, all have sons of rare ability and accomplishment. For instance, Björn Björnson is director of the National Theatre in Christiania, while the sons of Kielland and Lie promise to become successful writers.

Several years ago some curious critic unearthed certain documents pertaining to Ibsen's early education. From these we learn that the playwright was poor as a student in the preparatory school he attended, and that he almost "flunked" his college examinations. Mathematics was a subject in which he took no interest whatever; in languages, however, he did fairly well. One of his first occupations was that of a theatrical manager in Bergen, the city of Grieg, who has adorned "Peer Gynt," with some of the sweetest music Norway has ever given to the world. Who does not know Solveig's song, or the wonderful composition written to Aase's death. The melody of the nature of Norway is in these pieces, which have all the freshness of simplicity and all the beauty of a pure spirit.

Henrik Ibsen is now a very wealthy man. He gets twenty per cent. of the gross receipts from each performance of any of his dramas. Books like "Peer Gynt" and "Brand" have run into ten or twelve large editions. "When We Who are Dead Awaken," by the way, had the poorest sale of any of his productions. Ibsen's works are exclusively published in Scandinavia by Gyldendal of Copenhagen, the largest publishers in Northern Europe.

The following note, written by Ibsen to Professor P. Hansen, the well-known authority on Danish literature, in 1879, somewhat illustrates one of the dramatist's moods:

"During the time I was engaged on the composition of 'Brand,' I kept a scorpion on the table in an empty beer glass. Now and then the animal got ill, and when that happened I used to throw a piece of soft fruit into the glass to see the creature pounce upon it and emit its poison, after which it would grow well. Is not the case something like this with ourselves? The natural laws also govern the spiritual life."

The god of his philosophy is implacable. He preaches the gospel of Free Will. He is the poet of the impulsive nature. Not a character of his most personal plays—"Hedda Gabler," "Ghosts," "The Master Builder," "The Doll's House," etc.—is what physicians would call normal. The principal persons who have problems to solve in these plays are high-strung natures who march through the world with delusions and a false philosophy. They are picturesque, because we see them at work, so to speak, we see them at home, among familiar things, in surroundings of

which no object is strange. To each other, therefore, these people must seem very natural; they get the mutual sense of recognition;—their cries, their extravagances, their blunt speech, all seem to be part of the world in which they move. But to the uninitiated stranger they must appear somewhat deranged, and they do, provided one has not an alert eye for the dramatic quality with which they are all ready to overflow. Ibsen's world, then, is not the low-lofted chamber of triviality, nor even less the broad hall of average ambition. His characters are in the greatest sense—in the matter of temperament—Napoleonic, by which I mean that infinite conquest is their supreme desire. Solness wanted to build the grandest edifice in the world; Peer Gynt's aim was to immortalize himself by annihilating others; Lundborg had the artistic ideal, without the spiritual faith, and Brand, in his allegiance to duty, lost all the solid gifts of the earth.

Julius Paulson, a prominent Norwegian critic, has pointed out how Henrik Ibsen's dramas have helped many an actor to find himself, many an actress to rise to her full intellectual height. This is true, and it is in the same degree an established fact, that every modern dramatist of power is in Ibsen's debt for valuable instruction. Are Sudermann's dramas not of the same pattern of construction, or Pinero's? Even d'Annunzio, far away in

sunny Italy, has here and there a rugged Scandinavian touch in details of artistic architecture—in "Gioconda," for instance.

Ibsen was never anything but a playwright. The historical drama represents his earliest work, which has, somewhat cleverly, been compared to that of Corneille. "Kongs-Emmerne (the translated title, "The Pretenders," seems only vaguely appropriate) and "Herremændene paa Helgoland" (The Lords of Helgoland) are now rarely produced. Relatively speaking, Ibsen's plays are seldom seen on the Scandinavian stage, but when it happens that "The Pillars of Society," "Ghosts," or "Hedda Gabler," are put on, one is always sure of an excellent audience. Of the foremost actors and actresses of Denmark, Norway and Sweden, all but two or three have reached their high-water mark in Ibsen rôles.

Henrik Ibsen has certainly set a big wheel in the machinery of the world in motion. Much has been done to brand him with the mark of immorality; one clergyman in Denmark, named Schach, has gone so far as to publish a series of heavy volumes denouncing Ibsen as being everything except what he really is. The same man goes each year to obscure places where the dramatist is nothing more than a name, and persuades certain little groups to keep their children from reading his works.

But such puerile criticism resembles a flea attacking an elephant. Henrik Ibsen has become a force the full influence of which is as yet immeasurable. Generations to come will find his point-of-view unique, and admire the masterpieces it has yielded. He cannot be compared to any other writer, being so far away from the circumference of the circle of authors who are amateurs compared to him. His productions sufficiently reveal all the significant stages of his development. Before his eye the drama of human forces always becomes intense and crucible, and Fate looms up in gloomy nooks to say its imperative word. We are of the earth, says Ibsen, but there is in us also the calm and motion of the sea, as well as the beauty and dreaminess of the heavens. In his own less tangible way, finally, he forever exhorts us in the words of Swinburne, "to grow strong in the strength of thy spirit and live out thy life as the light." PAUL HARBOE.



MR. OLE BANG

Young Norwegian famous as a reader of the Ibsen plays and now visiting America. He is a writer himself of plays and novels, but his reputation rests chiefly upon his extraordinary ability as a reader. Before coming to America last June he concluded one of the most successful series of Ibsen recitations ever known in Northern Europe. He will probably be heard in New York next month.





FAMOUS FAMILIES  
OF  
AMERICAN PLAYERS

No. 5—THE HACKETTS

James Henry Hackett

James Keteltas Hackett

WHILE as actors, the Hacketts are distinctly of our own blood and tradition—as a family, their name is rooted, not only in the line of Irish nobility, but through alliance with that of Holland. Edmund Hackett, the great-grandfather of the present representative, was responsible for this. He it was who stood heir to the barony in Ireland; he likewise who went to Amsterdam and married a daughter of Baron de Massau.

By this union, the issue was Thomas G. Hackett, to whom America is directly indebted for an invigorating force in her dramatic history. For after holding the rank of Lieutenant in the Life Guards of the Prince of Orange, he was forced, in 1794, to seek America as a likely place for regaining his broken health.

In 1799 he married a daughter of the Rev. Abraham Keteltas, of Jamaica, L. I., and the couple settled in New York, but only for a short while. The husband died in 1803, and Mrs. Hackett, with her small son, the future actor, who had been born March 15, 1800, returned to the Long Island home.

At the age of fifteen young James Henry Hackett entered Columbia College, and started a thorough classical course, but his work was soon interrupted by severe illness, which made him abandon his study in that direction. However, on recovering his strength, he took up law, and this proved so uncongenial, that the year 1817 found him in the counting-house of a relative; in trade he was destined to remain some years.

During this time the young man was gaining considerable ability as a mimic, and many of his friends must have been among the profession he finally adopted. In 1819 he married Catherine Leesugg, an actress of considerable popularity, who was equally as famed for her contralto voice. Soon after the wedding Hackett settled in Utica, N. Y., where he lived till 1825.

It might be well to say here a few words regarding Mrs. Hackett. As Miss Leesugg (born circa 1798), she made her American debut on September 1, 1818, coming direct from the Birmingham Theatre. "Her forte," says Ireland, "was comedy; her merry, romping country lasses have never since been equalled, and her chambermaids were almost equally meritorious." That she was popular may be seen from the following jingle some young wag must have penned about her:

"There's sweet Miss Leesugg—by-the-by, she's not pretty;  
She's a little too large and has not too much grace;  
Yet there's something about her so witching and witty,  
'Tis pleasure to gaze on her good-humored face."

In 1832 Mrs. Hackett retired from the stage, her last play being "Of Age To-morrow," but because of pecuniary difficulties she was forced to return May 19, 1838, in "Perfection," with her sister, Mrs. Sharp. She died at Jamaica on December 4, 1845. The son by this marriage was John K. Hackett, for so many years Recorder in the City of New York. Many anecdotes are told of him, revealing a strenuous kind of humor that was more startling than it was subtle. His connection with things theatrical is noted by Brander Matthews in the following record:

"Happy New Year, 1875. Grand entertainment at the Sing Sing Prison, to commence at 8 A. M. . . . N. B.—Tickets of admission may be had at the Court of General Sessions. John K. Hackett, Manager. No extra charge for reserved seats."

It was by another marriage, with Clara Cynthia Morgan, on March 27, 1864, that the present James K. Hackett was born.

To return to the career of the American comedian. When, in 1825, he left Utica, and his business troubles caused his wife's return to the stage, he himself turned to account his powers that had heretofore amused so many of his friends in private. His first public appearance was made on March 1, 1826, at the New York Park Theatre, as Justice Woodcock, a creditable but by no means distinctive beginning. At his wife's benefit on March 10, his rôle, Sylvester Daggerwood, resulted in striking imitations of Kean, Mathews,

Hilson and Barnes. In his initial successes we find Mr. Hackett attempting many dialects. During June, 1826, he gave the Yankee story of "Jonathan and Uncle Ben," as well as assuming the part of Morbeau, in "Mons. Tonson."

His first decided hit, however, was as one of the Dromios in the "Comedy of Errors," where his twin brother, played by Barnes, was graphically imitated. This success, while invigorating, did not entirely please the young actor. As with so many of his contemporaries, he was always unsettled between his natural talents as a comedian on the one hand, and his strong tastes for tragedy on the other. In December, 1826, on the



Hackett the Elder as Falstaff

EDMUND HACKETT m. daughter Baron de Massau	
Thomas G. Hackett (d. 1803) m. daughter Rev. Abraham Keteltas	
James H. Hackett* (1800-1871)	
m. 2 (1864) Clara Cynthia Morgan	
m. 1 (1819) Catherine Leesugg* (d. 1847)	James K. Hackett*
John K. Hackett	m. (1897) Mary Manning* Elise (b. 1904)
*Members of the family who became actors	





Will Armstrong, Boston

EUGENE COWLES

This well known opera singer is now appearing temporarily in vaudeville

Theatre in "Richard." Barnes gave a benefit soon after, and Hackett was cast in a farce, "Two Sosias," adapted from Dryden's comedy, "Amphytrion." During the season of 1827-8, Othello, Iago, Gloster in "Jane Shore," Paris in "The Roman Actor," Montmorency in "Hundred Pound Note," and Tristram Fickle in "Weathercock" (a two-part comedy), constituted a varied repertoire. Over against Mr. Hackett's own statement that Falstaff was first played by him in Philadelphia, May 31, 1832, to Charles Kean's Hotspur, is often placed the disputed date, May 13, 1828. We shall agree upon the former as more than likely, though actors care little about exact dates, and note that on December 3, 1828, Coleman's comedy, "Who Wants a Guinea?" materially altered and named "Jonathan in England," was acted by him at his wife's benefit.

Then followed the dialect rôle of Sir Archy MacSarcasm, in the farce, "Love-a-la-Mode." It was on April 22, 1830, that Mr. Hackett produced the first dramatic version of "Rip Van Winkle" at the Park Theatre, which text was afterwards changed in London by Bayle Bernard.\* Another Dutch piece on which Hackett expended much attention was "Three Dutch Governors," dramatized by Bernard from Irving's "Knickerbocker History," and played with but little success on September 26, 1837. Each act was devoted to a distinctive governor.

It is significant that in the actor families thus far written about, the representative members are known by the excellence of a single rôle. However much Booth's other Shakespearean personations may be treasured, he will ever remain one with the Melancholy Dane. It is hard to realize any other Rip than Jefferson, who has always been the very embodiment; and no one has the bravery or the innate creative fun to make a second Dunderbary, closely identified as it is with E. A. Sothorn. So with Hackett as the one great Falstaff† in "Henry IV."—summed up

eve of leaving for England, he essayed "Richard III."—not an original conception, but in minute imitation of Kean. Here it may also be stated that in 1840, at the Park Theatre, New York, he appeared as Lear three times, and as Hamlet to Mrs. Wood's Ophelia.

At Covent Garden, April 1, 1827, Hackett gave to the English public his Yankee stories and imitations, but his stay was a short one, for in September of the same year he was again at the New York Park

by Ireland's estimate: "The cream of English wit and cowardice;"—his must have been a study revealing the very essence of all this.

The actor did not confine himself alone to being an actor. As a star he succeeded in amassing somewhat of a fortune, and ever being of a scrupulous nature, his first idea was to readjust his business relations, and to clear those obligations he had incurred during his business troubles. He was, during several periods, a manager; in 1829, he controlled the Chatham Garden Theatre; in 1830, the Bowery, and in 1837, the National Theatre (Italian Opera House). At the time of the famous Astor Place riot, in 1849, he managed, with Macready, the Astor Place Opera House, and five years later (1854) he was starring a company of Italian singers at Castle Garden. During this time, despite his close connection with all things American, the actor, in addition to his 1832 trip to England, visited Drury Lane and Covent Garden in 1840, 1845, and 1851. His Falstaff was there received most favorably.

We have noted Hackett's ambition to become a tragedian. His Hamlet, Richard, and Lear were careful studies, and, as a critic has wisely said, they displayed "all the acumen of a scholar, and the nicest critical analysis." This estimate of the student nature which Mr. Hackett undoubtedly possessed is justified by his volume, "Notes and Comments on Shakespeare," published in 1863. A presentation copy sent by him to Lincoln elicited an interesting reply, which shows a keen taste on the part of the President:

"WASHINGTON, August 17, 1863.

"My dear Sir: Months ago I should have acknowledged the receipt of your book and accompanying kind note; and I now have to beg your pardon for not having done so.

"For one of my age, I have seen very little of the drama. The first presentation of Falstaff I ever saw was yours here, last winter or spring. Perhaps the best compliment I can pay is to say, as I truly can, I am very anxious to see it again. Some of Shakespeare's plays I have never read; while others I have gone over perhaps as frequently as any unprofessional reader. Among the latter are 'Lear,' 'Richard III.,' 'Henry VIII.,' 'Hamlet,' and especially 'Macbeth.' I think nothing equals 'Macbeth.' It is wonderful.

"Unlike you gentlemen of the profession, I think the soliloquy in 'Hamlet,' commencing, 'Oh, my offense is rank,' surpasses that commencing, 'To be or not to be.' But pardon this small attempt at criticism. I should like to hear you pronounce the opening speech of 'Richard III.' Will you not soon visit Washington again? If you do, please call and let me make your personal acquaintance."

Another note following this is well worth quoting, since it shows a deep phase of Lincoln's character and temperament; Mr. Hackett had published the first letter, and its contents had brought forth considerable comment.

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 2, 1863.

"My note to you I certainly did not expect to see in print; yet I have not been much shocked by the newspaper comments upon it. Those comments constitute a fair specimen of what has occurred to me through life. I have endured a great deal of ridicule without much malice; and have received a great deal of kindness not quite free from ridicule. I am used to it."

On December 28, 1871, Mr. Hackett died at his home in Jamaica. As a man, he was of active intellect and of courteous bearing. There are pictures of him that show resemblance to Washington Irving, and doubtless his temperament was as genial.

It was two years before his



MISS JANET WALDORF

Is playing the part of Roma in "The Eternal City" this season

\*The rôle of Rip was undertaken by many, none of whom surpassed Jefferson (vid. Winter), 1819. Irving's "Sketch Book" published.—1839. C. B. Parsons as Rip, Cincinnati (MR. bought, 1828).—1839, Oct. 20. William Chapman, Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia; cast including many of the Jeffersons.—1830, August 10. Hackett at Bowery Theatre, N. Y.—1831, August 15. Hackett at Park Theatre.—1833, Sept. 4. Hackett presents Bernard's version.—1833, July 24. Tom Flynn as Rip.—1833-4. Wm. Isherwood in J. H. Reynolds's version.—1850, January 7. Burke in his own version.—1865. Jefferson in the Burke Boucicault-Jefferson version.

†Mr. Winter recalls the following Falstaffs in America: 1788, Harper; 1807, John E. Harwood; 1829, Hilson; 1832, Hackett.





Photos Byron, N. Y.

Charlotte Walker as Jane Lane      James K. Hackett as Charles Stuart  
Act II. "We are not filling this hat very fast"



Charlotte Walker  
Act III. "I am not the King's soldier, but the Soldiers' King"

James K. Hackett



Frederick Webber as Sir Geo. Villiers  
Sam'l Hardy as Lord Willmot

Peter Lang as Will Carlos  
Act IV. The King embarks in safety

Jas. L. Seeley as Clement Lane  
Flora Bowley as Drusilla

**JAMES K. HACKETT IN HIS NEW PLAY, "THE FORTUNES OF THE KING"**



father's death that James K. Hackett was born, at Wolfe, one of the Thousand Islands (September 6, 1869). Throughout his school and college years he was known for his theatrical ambition; at eighteen he had given no mean interpretation of Touchstone; at twenty, his Othello met with favorable comment. Young Hackett took a Bachelor of Arts degree at the College of the City of New York in 1891, and began the study of law. However, he abandoned that, and March 28, 1892, found him in Philadelphia with A. M. Palmer's Stock Company, which was playing "The Broken Seal." For a short while thereafter Mr. Hackett became leading man to Lotta, and during the season of 1892-3 joined Daly's forces. During 1893-4 his repertoire as star included "The Arabian Nights" and "The Private Secretary." In rapid succession he supported Minnie Seligman; became leading man at the Queen's Theatre, Montreal; and on January 14, 1895, appeared at the Broadway Theatre with Kathryn Kidder. One more engagement followed with Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew in "The Queen's Necklace;" then, in November, 1895, he joined Daniel Frohman's Stock Company, playing at the Lyceum in R. C. Carton's "The Home Secretary."

Mr. Hackett soon succeeded Herbert Kelcey as leading man at the Lyceum, and while playing in Pinero's "The Princess and

the Butterfly" (1897), he fell seriously ill. In January, 1898, it was announced that on the previous May 2 he had married Miss Mary Mannering. She had come over from England to appear November 23, 1896, in Esmond's "The Courtships of Leonie," in which Mr. Hackett had the chief male rôle.

Since becoming a star, Mr. Hackett's plays have been mostly of the romantic kind, typified by "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau." As he was one of the youngest leading men in American dramatic history, so is he one of the few actor-managers. Perhaps the most emphatic and determined position he has taken has been in regard to the so-called Theatrical Trust, against which he held out until quite recently, when he found it best to succumb. It is not our purpose to trace this through its stages, however significant it may be as to Mr. Hackett's future career.

To his fine presence and rich voice Mr. Hackett adds a vigor that becomes him in active pieces. As yet, he has given nothing by which one may definitely characterize him. The drama of external struggle and adventurous romantic feeling is a phase of play that will pass. Mr. Hackett has not essayed any rôle demanding his subtle treatment or very serious attention.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

## A Theatre in the White House

DURING the administration of President Lincoln, Grover's Theatre, which occupied the site of the present National Theatre in Washington, was noted for the excellence of its stock companies and the completeness with which all plays were produced. Grover was a liberal manager, and in the organization of his companies selected the best performers obtainable, while in staging his productions he also spared no expense. Among the actors who appeared under his management were Lawrence Barrett, Frank Mordaunt, Frank Lawler, J. C. McCollom, A. W. Fenno, W. H. Crane, Barton Hill, Myles Levick, E. L. Tilton, Charles Barron, J. J. Prior, J. M. Ward, E. F. Thorne, Harry Pearson, O. B. Doud (afterwards Oliver Doud Byron), Thos. Brougham Baker, F. C. Wemyss, R. S. Meldrum, J. K. Mortimer, Dan Setchell, Sam Ryan, Walter Lennox, J. E. Whiting, Emily Jordan, Agnes Perry, Lotty Hough, Julia Irving, Susan Denin, Kate Denin, Mrs. J. L. Fannin, Laura Vernon, Ada Parker, and Ada and Minnie Monk.

Lincoln was a frequent visitor to Grover's Theatre, and usually occupied the President's box with Mrs. Lincoln and Secretary Seward. During the engagement of "Vestvali the Magnificent," in 1864, the President and his family attended the theatre as frequently as five nights in two weeks. The advertisements of the theatre often announced that certain plays would be performed "at the request of the President." This was noticeably the case during the engagement of J. W. Wallack and E. L. Davenport.

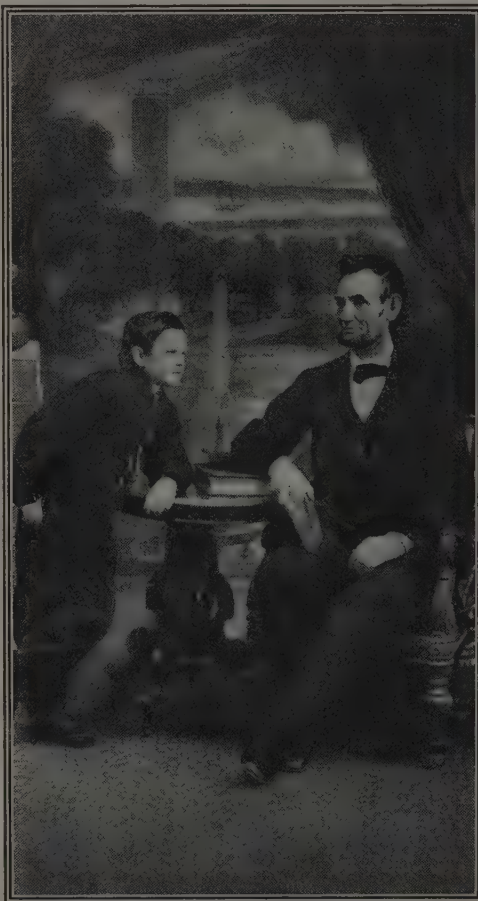
Tadd Lincoln, the President's son, a sprightly, intelligent little fellow of about eleven, who was a great favorite with all the visitors to the White House, often accompanied his father to the theatre, and at

other times went alone. On the very night of the assassination of the President at Ford's Theatre, little Tadd was in a box at Grover's Theatre. When Manager Hess announced that Mr. Lincoln had been shot, Tadd uttered a scream and dashed out of the box and from the theatre. Tadd and Manager Grover became

fast friends, and Tadd was soon ambitious to have a theatre of his own. Early in the year 1864, Room 38 of the President's Mansion was set aside for the purpose, and Tadd set to work to fit it up as a miniature theatre. A handsome stage was erected with gas footlights and appropriate scenery was provided. On either side of the stage, at the top, handsome vases filled with artificial flowers were placed. In the center stood a bust of the lamented Edward Dickinson Baker (a great friend of Master Lincoln's), who was killed at Ball's Bluff October 21, 1861. Immediately in front of the stage was a space partitioned off by a wicket fence. That portion of the theatre was set apart for spectators, and was furnished with settees, sofas, and cushioned chairs sufficient to accommodate a large-sized audience. His company of players was selected from the members of the company of the Pennsylvania Bucktail Regiment, which was doing duty in the vicinity of the White House. To give effect to the pieces produced at his little theatre, the youthful manager called to his aid his friend Manager Grover, who furnished him with all the costumes and paraphernalia necessary for their proper production. Performances were given once or twice a week, the audiences being composed of the friends of Master Tadd, of both sexes, who attended at the invitation of the young manager.

Occasionally the President and Mrs. Lincoln honored the performance with their presence.

A. I. MUDD.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS SON, TADDY









Picture made especially for the Theatre Magazine by Byron, N. Y.

A FIRST NIGHT AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK

(FOR KEY SEE PAGE X)













Photo taken especially for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE by Joseph Byron

"If you can do it, you can," says the actor

## David Warfield—The Actor and the Man

(Chats with Players No. 34)

IT was only when David Warfield ran out of the room and brought me a framed print of a mischievous puppy hiding behind a log and ready to spring upon two blissfully innocent kittens, a dream in the sunshine, that the interview began.

The most difficult thing in interviewing is getting acquainted. One does not soon get acquainted with a dignified gentleman who sits resignedly at his desk checking off what parts he has played and expounding his views of the dramatic art. It was all very formal and unsatisfying until Mr. Warfield ran out after that framed print.

Such a wicked little dog with such an evil intent. The intent spoke from the full, black, rolling eyes, turned sidewise upon the blinking, unconscious kittens. It expressed itself in the slightly wrinkled muzzle and the gleam of one white, pointed tooth. In another tick of the clock he would be upon them and a shrill, puppyish bark would rudely rend their dreams. Surprised and unhappy kittens! Surprising and happy dog! It was an ordinary print, but full of suggestion and suspense.

"Look at those eyes," Mr. Warfield's laugh had a boyish, hearty ring. "Isn't it funny?" Again he laughed and again he said: "Isn't it funny?"

It had come at last, the waited-for flash of the personality, the glimpse of the real man.

Twenty or more years ago a boy stood looking into the window of a book shop in San Francisco and wept at sight of the picture of a boy who, about to leave home, was saying good-bye to his mother. The print was crude, but the boy had imagination, sensibilities, a heart. The pathos of the group made its appeal

through his brain to his heart. The boy, grown up, but with the same receptive brain and responsive heart, is now playing Herr Von Barwig in "The Music Master," and in him, the critics say, they have discovered a genius.

The critics, I think, are right. David Warfield has the child-likeness of genius. And he is dumb before that controlling something which he is too modest to name, but which those who see "The Music Master" believe is the divine spark vouchsafed to but few mortals.

"If you can do it, you can. If you can't, you can't." Like many another artist he is not glib about his art. It is the expression of an intangible, mysterious something within him that defies analysis, but is powerful to bring tears to hard eyes, to plant something strange and tender in empty hearts. He feels it, but cannot describe it except in his: "If you can do it, you can."

Thus simply he expressed one of his formulae of art.

"I try to do what people would do under the circumstances." That was another, and Mr. Warfield illustrated it.

"Suppose I were your lover, would I do this?"

He folded his arms tightly across his breast, drew his eyebrows together in a straight, ominous line, and glared appallingly down upon the interviewer. His right arm shot out threateningly toward the window of his apartment at the Ansonia, nine stories or more above Broadway.

"Fly with me!" he shouted.

We have all seen love-making done in this melodramatic way on the stage, perhaps even in the lunatic asylum. To realize its full absurdity one had to see Mr. Warfield sit common-sensically



down in a chair opposite, relax his leg muscles comfortably, lean slightly toward his *vis-à-vis*, and say calmly with matter-of-fact intonation, "Now, let us talk it over. Who hasn't been made love to in exactly that twentieth century, eminently satisfying manner?"

Without preliminaries or pyrotechnics, he had given a valuable lesson in acting.

In the man survive those qualities which made the boy weep at sight of the engraving in the shop window.

"I weep over my parts when I first read them," he admitted. "I don't work very hard. Believe me, I do not. This isn't a pose." And he returned to his original proposition. "If you can do it, you can, and if you can't, you can't."

That, to David Warfield's mind, summed up the situation, a most successful situation, the sum of varied but always upward tending circumstances in this instance. It was his version of the dramatic adage: "An actor is born, not made."

Those who meet him for the first time exclaim: "How much you are like Herr Von Barwig!" and Mr. Warfield smiles in quiet answer. He is of medium size. He has a simple carriage, sometimes that of a thoughtful, middle-aged man, occasionally with the spring and impulse of the boy in it. His face has the smoothness and fresh color of a boy's, and the reflectiveness of a man of books and dreams, although he declares: "I am not an educated man," and that dreams count for little. "A man must do and keep on doing" is his dictum.

David Warfield is like and unlike his beautiful creation, "Herr Von Barwig." The hair which he has permitted to grow long for the part is sprinkled thickly with gray, although he is only thirty-eight. His eyes are deep and gray and at times soft as a child's, the eyes of an idealist. His tread is soft, his voice low, his manners gentle, like Herr Von Barwig's, yet under all the gentleness is the glint of metal, the fibre of steel that would make of him a bitter foe, a man of rock-like immovableness, of unalterable decision. Dominating, the romantic figure is ever the man practical.

The conjunction of David Warfield and David Belasco was a propitious one for the American stage. Yet the manner of its effecting was outwardly commonplace, and Mr. Warfield tells the story of it in simplest fashion.

"I received a letter from Mr. Belasco asking me to come to see him about a business matter. We had never met before. I was late, and it was nearly six o'clock when I found him in his office in Carnegie Hall. They were moving to another office downstairs. He had been packing and was in his shirt sleeves. He said: 'I think I can make a big proposition of you.' I said: 'All right.' We talked for half an hour. There was no hesitation on either side. I knew that this was what I wanted."

Because he had been uniquely successful in his creation of an East Side Jew, wise Mr. Belasco did not at once lift his new star out of the old dialect part which had made him famous, but of which he had tired. Rather, he am-

plified and deepened and sweetened Mr. Warfield's original conception, and engaged Charles Klein to embalm it in a play which he called "The Auctioneer," and helped him playing in it, even while Mr. Warfield chafed at the old restrictions, for two years. When his art had deepened and broadened and ripened to its present state, the actor was released from the old character. He was emancipated.

"I don't want to play another dialect rôle," Mr. Warfield, developed into Herr Von Barwig, declares. "Dialect hampers one. It is like playing in a strange tongue."

"It was odd," said Mr. Warfield, "that when we talked of the eventual next play, I said: 'I should like to play a high-class German, an educated man of great refinement.'" Mr. Belasco said nothing. He talks very little. But in good time we had Herr Von Barwig.

"We worked hard at rehearsals, but not in the way you imagine. The points and situations in 'The Music Master' came about naturally. The hard work was in cutting this and that and changing the play about. But the rehearsal of the play as it stands was simple. There was no strain, no terrible effort in any of the scenes or climaxes."

We were back again in mind at that original proposition, "If you can do it, you can," and Mr. Warfield illustrated his point of naturalism by referring to the scene in which he stands at the door of his daughter's bedroom, looking at the portrait of his wife, who had deserted him.

"A good friend of mine, a fellow Lamb, had said some very kind things to me about my work in the new play. He is a sincere admirer, and I knew he was speaking from his heart when he said: 'You missed just one thing. When you stood at the door looking at your wife's picture you should have done something.' I told him there was nothing to do. There was no shock of surprise about it. There had been gradual preparation in my mind for the situation through two acts. I knew my pupil was my daughter. I had believed it all along, and when I saw her old doll in the cabinet I knew. What would a man have done under those circumstances? Remember that he had not made up his

mind to claim the girl. I think he would have walked to the door and looked quietly at the picture. He had a daguerreotype at home, that he looked at every day. There was no quick, heart-breaking surprise in the situation. He simply stands there silently, steeped in the misery of her faithlessness. It would have been absurd to strike his forehead or breast with his clenched hand, or to groan or emit a melodramatic 'My Gawd!' I believe a man would stand there in silence, his body rigid with pain, but still silent. That, I think, is life, and to life I always go for my models."

From this pronunciamento we drifted back to the old, troublous days in San Francisco, when the boy, Dave Warfield, wanted to be an actor, and everybody and everything seemed to conspire in one great, looming obstacle called Fate to thwart him. From being



Otto Sarony Co.

#### "HAMLET" PLAYED BY YOUTHFUL STARS

New York recently saw a series of Shakesperian performances by the two youngest stars on the stage. The elder of these, David Brainard Gally, the boy tragedian, is less than 18 years of age. He is a nephew of the Rev. Merritt Gally and was born in New York in 1886. A protégé of Victory Bateman, who read Shakespeare with Master Gally from the time he was eight years of age until he made his professional début, this precocious youngster was fifteen years of age before he appeared behind the footlights, and then he became first a super in Robert Edson's "Soldiers of Fortune." Later he was engaged by Edwin Waldman to play the part of Lorenzo in "The Merchant of Venice." This boy actor has a protégée of his own, a young girl with whom he practiced his Shakesperian scenes, and so proficient did Miss Isabelle Rea, now just sixteen, become that recently these two children have toured the West in a series of Shakesperian rôles.



an usher in the old Bush Street Theatre, he made two or three indifferent appearances, culminating in a boyish fiasco at the Wigwam, where the Warfield quiet method was labelled incompetence, and a drunken sailor led in a storm of hisses.

He came to New York with a small sum in his pocket, the residuum of a benefit fund from a few loyal admirers, and laid siege, still quietly, to the managers and agents. At his first interview, William A. Brady "could promise nothing," and, in Rialtese vernacular, "turned him down." A few weeks later, the young manager, meeting him on the street, said: "Can you play a jay?"

"Best thing I do," answered young Warfield, with certain pappings of an inconsistent conscience.

In "About Town," then, he played a jay, a jay very similar, by the way, to the present rôle in "The College Widow," except that the jay in the football play evolved into a beau, while young Warfield's remained hopelessly rustic. The young Californian afterwards played an Irish woman in "O'Dowd's Neighbors," an old man in "The Inspector," a country boy in "The Nutmeg Match." As Fouché in "Mme. Sans Gêne," and the Laird in "Trilby," his intelligent, repressed style began to attract attention. In "The Review" he played a burlesque detective, and in his several guises as such evolved the Jewish old-clothes man, than which there has never been a better stage characterization, because it was perfect. At the Casino for succeeding seasons, and later at Weber & Fields', he presented the character that people laughed at because they believed the motto is always "It is to laugh" at those houses, but in which the discerning recognized a yet stronger undertone of pathos. One of these was David Belasco.

"I had received offers to star from other managers," said Mr. Warfield. "Some of them were very prominent men, too, but I waited, and I am glad I did."

Again David Warfield resembled Herr Von Barwig, for at the conclusion of this speech he thrust his tongue roguishly out of the corner of his mouth and drew it back again, much as a prudent turtle manages his timid head.

The next rôle? Mr. Warfield looked thoughtful.

"I don't know," he said. "There are so many things we don't know until the time comes. Life is a series of steps, taken one at a time, as seems best at that time. I have played two character types, the Jew and the German. There are left two, the Italian and French. I don't care for French characters, and there is little to do in the Italian line. The German character appeals to me."

Something was said about the possibilities in the character of a great physician or chemist, and Mr. Warfield said: "Have you seen a picture called 'The Doctor?' A doctor sitting beside a child's bed watching the ebb and flow of its little life? Isn't it wonderful?"

He spoke with a little intake of breath like that of a child overcome by a brief emotion. He mentioned another picture that every one has seen, "The Vacant Chair," and his eyes dimmed for the moment. Mr. Warfield denied all hobbies. He is a

pretty steady reader, yes. He likes those novelists whose character studies proclaimed them masters, Dickens, Thackeray and Balzac, and Dickens he thinks greater than Thackeray, because his characters are natural, while those of Thackeray are clever, but complex, even artificial.

Learned commentators have written of David Warfield: "It is surprising to find that the man who has played the Jew better than any one else in the world is not of that race." But he is. He is of the race that has given us many superb dramatic artists.

"We are Jews," he said, "but born in America for as many generations as I know anything about. There have been no actors nor artists in the family. I can't account for my own tendencies. They exist; that is all. And I suppose we ought to be thankful if they are not very bad and not question the source. Don't you?"

The sharer of Mr. Warfield's sunny and sumptuous apartments at the An-

sonia is the beautiful California woman whom he married four years ago. She remains modestly and discreetly in the background, feeling, but never in any public way evincing, a just pride in her husband's eminence in his profession.

Mr. Warfield's departure from the simple life consists in excursions to the shops where Oriental rugs are exhibited to the many who admire and the few who can afford to buy. Being one of these latter, he surrounds himself with the exquisite fabrics into which Persians have woven the glory of their colors and Hindoos the mysticism of their dreams. The floor of his drawing-room is covered with them, and one overflow, but not discarded, rug of deepest rose hangs against the pale tinted background of the wall.

Into this sunshine-bathed room, with evidences of taste and competence everywhere, and a boyish face and alert, active figure dominating in the foreground, it was strange that the shadows of age and professional retirement should enter. Yet our conversation opened the door for them.

"Indeed, I do think of growing old," said David Warfield, with sober face and accent. "I often think of it and I have determined what I shall do. I want no audiences tolerating my failing performances because 'He was a good actor when he was young,' giving me receptions when I come upon the stage because of what I once did."

He paused, his imagination filling in every detail of the mournful picture.

"It is like strewing flowers upon a corpse," he said. "I shall leave the stage in the full blaze of any glory I may attain."

ADA PATTERSON.



ROBERT MANTELL AS HAMLET

This sterling actor, who has not been seen in New York for several years, recently appeared at the Princess in Shakespearean repertoire. His first New York success was as Loris Ipanoff in "Fedora."





Photos by Ogawa, Tokio

HANKICHI

Graceful and highly accomplished Geisha who enjoys wide popularity in Tokio

The Geisha standing is the celebrated dancer, Koahimi; the one seated on the left is Yone Hachi, celebrated for her beautiful hands. They are in the small garden situated between the Geisha residence and the Tea House

O YEN

Geisha celebrated throughout Japan for her cherry-blossom dance

THE Geisha girl is, perhaps, the most interesting and the least understood abroad of all the national institutions of the Mikado's Empire. Nowhere in the world is there a woman exactly like her. She is not a mere waitress or attendant, as many writers have described her, nor is she a common dancer, entertainer or musician. She is far more than this. From her early childhood she is trained to be the companion of cultured persons. She is educated, accomplished, intellectual and refined, as well as beautiful and graceful. In her every step, gesture, expression, in the very costumes she wears, so elegant and harmonious in color, there is the fascination and living grace of the trained actress, taught for generations to delight the senses.

The Geisha girl is the belle of Japan, and without her Japanese social gatherings would lose much of their vivacity and charm. Lafcadio Hearn, the well-known writer on Japan, says in his pathetic story of Geisha life, "Kimiko": "To win any renown in her profession a Geisha must be pretty or very clever, and the famous ones are usually both—having been selected at a very early age by their trainers according to the promise of such qualities. Even the commoner class of singing girls must have some charm in their best years—if only that *beauté du diable* which inspired the Japanese proverb that even a devil is pretty at eighteen.

Although the Geisha is so cultivated and accomplished a woman, it cannot be said that she is quite respectable according to the conventional standards. She has, indeed, a moral code of her own. She belongs to a class which has no equivalent in any other country. The only approach in history is that of the Hetaera women—or cultured courtesans—who existed in the days of ancient Greece.

To fully understand the life of the Geisha one must first be familiar with the Japanese tea house or "Cha-ya," as the Japanese call it, for the Geisha and the tea house are inseparably connected. The "Cha-ya" is a remarkable institution, and a natural product of social life in Japan. It is not by any means the ordinary café or inn, accommodating every passing stranger, as the Western nations understand it. It is a common rendezvous

for gentlemen seeking recreation, and, in fact, may be likened to a club-house. The Japanese meet at these tea houses not only for the sake of amusement, but for many other purposes. The business man comes there to discuss the day's trading, politicians make it their headquarters, and it has often happened that momentous events in the history of Japan have sprung from tea-house meetings. In the tea houses foreigners who are paying short visits to the country become acquainted with the more cultured and advanced Japanese women, and it is at these affairs that the Geisha girls are introduced.

As the visitor approaches the tea house several girls attired in gay-colored kimono issue from the main entrance exclaiming loudly: "Irassai!" This is intended as a polite form of greeting, and it means: "Condescend to enter." Then in an exquisitely polite manner they all bow low, murmuring a thousand compliments. It should be remembered, however, that this is the usual form of greeting, and the guest everywhere in Japan is received in the same manner. The Japanese guest slips off his shoes or sandals and follows the maid, who conducts him to one of the rooms in the tea house. The visitor then squats down on the velvet cushion lying on the soft matting and awaits developments. Very soon the girl attendants bring tobacco trays containing lighted charcoal and cups of green tea, together with pieces of kashi, or Japanese cake. Custom requires that the visitor should now present the "*Chadani*," or tip, to the tea house. This, of course has nothing to do with the bill, which he will ultimately pay for his entertainment. The visitor then calls for the Geisha. He desires to have the pleasure of her company, as he has not come to the tea house to enjoy his own society. Unless he has no special acquaintance among the Geishas, he bids the attendant summon all those attached to the "Cha-ya." So the attendant instructs a messenger, who runs off to summon each of the Geishas who reside in the neighborhood.

After only a few minutes' delay the Geishas make their appearance with their habitual air of amiability, grace and vivacity. Each as she enters utters the word "*Konbanwa*," which means good evening. She then proceeds to make herself at home, and





Owaga Tokio

O SHIN

Favorite Geisha much patronized by the young bloods of Tokio

honored to return you the cup), which you receive back with marks of the greatest appreciation. While this exchange of cup courtesies is going on, one of the other Geishas lifts her *Samisen* to her knee and plays a melody, accompanying it with a love song which is delightful to the ear.

When you are tired of the song you may ask for dancing. Now, the dancing of the Geisha girl has nothing in common with the vulgar skirt dancing so popular in Europe and America. In Japan such an exhibition would be considered a barbaric vulgarity. The Geisha's dance consists mostly of a rhythmic, graceful movement, especially with the arms, and is so contrived and performed that it suggests the most beautiful poetic ideas. It is at times dramatic. Poems or dramas relating to history or legend are often recited by the Geishas, who express in striking and graceful attitudes the tragic or comic situations. From the viewpoint of true art, this excels any known form of dancing. At your request, the younger Geishas then proceed to the more dainty dancing, while the older Geishas sit in the background and play their *Samisens* and sing poetic little songs like this:

"The butterfly lives but its hour,  
The frost stamps death upon the flower,  
Dance on, dance on; such future fate is  
thine,  
These triumphs of Roses and Wine."

The younger Geishas, in their scarlet petticoats and flowing sleeves, fan and parasol in their hands, imitate the butterflies flitting from flower to flower, or the maple leaves scattered by the autumn wind.

is soon as intimate as if she had known you since childhood. All the Geishas sit before you while you smoke, each taking a *Samisen* (or guitar) in her hands—beautiful hands, like the hands of a waxen doll. Then each bows to you politely, thanking you for your kind summons.

You courteously reply by emptying your cup of *Saké* (Japanese brandy), which you plunge into a bowl of clean water on the tray, and then you present the cup to the Geisha whom you most admire, saying as you do so: "*Ippai agemasu*" (I present the cup to you). The favored Geisha receives your cup in her ever graceful manner, and with her dainty hands lifts it to her forehead, thanking you for your kind love. The attendant, standing by, immediately fills it with *Saké*. The Geisha sips a little of the *Saké*, then returns the cup to you with the words, "*Gohen-pai*" (I am

Sometimes fast, sometimes slow, now backward, now forward, from right to left, now merrily, now sadly—the dancing girls glide over the soft matting, waving their flowing sleeves. When dancing, the Geisha looks lovelier than the white lily, more graceful than the hanging blossoms blown about in the breeze of spring. She is the living incarnation of the picturesque charm of all Japan.

One of the most famous of the dancers in Tokio is the Geisha girl named Koshimi, who is pictured in this article in the garden between her small house and the Cha-ya. Her every pose, whether dancing or at rest, is grace itself. Her costumes are always of the richest materials, and form delightful harmonies of color. Another Geisha, celebrated for her beautiful hands and the flower-like poetry of her face, is Yone Hachi. She is seen with the flower basket in the garden with Koshimi. Both

Geishas are attached to the same tea house. Her power of repartee is brilliant, and she has marked musical ability. She is capricious in her likes and dislikes, and is known as the most adorable coquette in Tokio. Other well-known Geisha girls are: O Yen, celebrated for her cherry blossom dance; O Shin, sprightly little Hankichi, and Koman (or cloud of hair). All are charming and talented young women.

In Tokio, the Geishas reside in certain quarters specially affected by them. For instance, the Shin-bashi and the Yanagibashi quarters in Tokio are famous for their Geisha girls, and here continual gaiety and strains of music are to be found. During the Taikoon dynasty, Deep River (Fukagawa) and Willowbridge (Yanagibashi) were the two leading districts of Geisha society. But since the decline of Deep River, which followed the downfall of the Takhoun government, Willowbridge alone has maintained its ancient prosperity. This quarter is situated near the River Sumida, and its name is derived from that of the small bridge spanning the stream which runs into the Sumida. At the present, Willowbridge and Newbridge (Shinbashi) are the most flourishing Geisha districts. Newbridge is quite a new quarter. At the beginning of the reign of the present Mikado, it was only an obscure place containing a few Geisha houses, but in the course of a few years it established itself as a formidable rival of Willowbridge, and it is now regarded as the gayest spot in the metropolis.

The characteristic Geisha street is



Ogawa, Tokio

KOSHIMI

One of the most famous of the dancing Geishas



Ogawa, Tokio

Koman (or cloud of hair), so called because of her luxuriant hair



a narrow lane made up of tea houses, restaurants, Geisha residences, and other establishments of a lower order. All the Geisha houses are built in a fantastic style, small but picturesque, and all are surrounded with beautiful trees and plants and flowers. Over the entrance to each is hung a paper lantern, on which is inscribed in exquisitely wrought lettering in the Chinese ideographs the name of the Geisha and the name of the goddess to which the house is dedicated. In the evening all these lamps are lighted, making a beautiful effect, which Mr. Hearn has described as follows:

"You look down the Geisha street between two lines of these lanterns, lines converging far-off into one motionless bar of yellow light. Some of the lanterns are egg-shaped, some cylindrical; others four-sided or six-sided. The street is very quiet—silent as a display of cabinet work in some great exhibition after closing time. . . . Seen at night, this street is one of the queerest in the world. It is narrow as a gangway, and the dark, shining woodwork of the house fronts, all tightly closed—each having a tiny sliding door with paper panes that look like frosted glass—makes you think of first-class passenger cabins."

In the Newbridge quarter today one sees the bustling traffic of jinrikshaws, while pretty little girls in bright kimonas, obi and geta, flit here and there like so many humming-birds. In Tokio there are many persons who make a business of adopting, or rather purchasing, beautiful and healthy little girls of about five or six years old. They pay a small sum to the poor parents and take the girls to their homes to train them to become Geishas. This education of the Geishas is a work of infinite labor and patience, for it really consists in remodelling the work of nature. Coming originally of poor stock, no accomplishment or grace of the future Geisha comes natural to her. Everything must be changed. Neither her body, nor her mind, nor her glances, nor her language, nor her behaviour, nor her gestures—nothing about her remains as nature designed and intended. Everything about her is artificial. Kneaded, moulded, polished in every direction, she is finally brought to resemble in mind and figure the ideal beauty evolved by Japanese culture.

The first instruction the future Geisha receives is in ceremony and etiquette, and the flowery silk kimona, with full sleeves, is substituted for the humble cotton gown. Little lacquered geta or clogs with scarlet velvet bands are fastened to her little feet, forcing her to walk on tiptoe, with a step that is a compromise between a hop and a limp, and always with her toes turned in. She is instructed in every art likely to fascinate and charm. She is taught how to flirt and how to write love letters. She is taught how to "make-up" her face, her eye-brows are painted and her cheeks and neck covered with a white powder they call *Oshiroi*, and which gives her complexion the appearance of enamel. In a more advanced state of development, her rosy lips are tinted with *beni* and her glossy black hair is made still darker with cherry oil cosmetics. She then studies the names of every article

and preparation necessary to her toilette, and masters the complicated rules which decide what must be worn with different styles of dress. When the little creature becomes old enough to read and write, she is thoroughly versed in the works, especially the romances, of the famous writers, and she is taught to recite fluently from the classic poems and dramas. Then she is thoroughly instructed in music and becomes an expert at playing the guitar, the harp, the drum and the flute. Dancing and singing, being her principal accomplishments, are taught most carefully, and to complete her education, careful initiation into the tea-drinking ceremonies is not neglected. The mysterious arts of flirtation and fascination she acquires from her elder companions, and her future success as a Geisha depends on her proficiency as a pupil. When she is sixteen she is considered of age to leave the nursery and appear in society as a full-fledged Geisha, and with sweet dreams of becoming one day a duchess or marchioness with unlimited pearls or diamonds, she makes her entrance into the world, where swarms of admirers await her.

When the fully equipped Geisha goes out to make a professional call, she is always escorted by a male attendant, known as a *hakoya*, who carries her guitar and "make-up" box. Her pay for entertaining is estimated at so much an hour. This entertainment consists, as we have said, of either dancing, playing, singing, or simply conversation or flirtation. Unless she is an independent Geisha, working for her own account, all the money earned in this way goes to the proprietress of the Geisha house, who takes the lion's share.

The popular Geisha has all her time booked long in advance, and she has thousands of admirers eager to secure her. If any outsider can even get a glimpse of her by a casual summons, he considers himself lucky.

The clever and beautiful Geisha soon becomes famous. No important social function is complete without her. The younger men talk of nothing else. She is the fountain head of all the romance of Japan. Her career may be likened to that of a comet. She suddenly rises from an unexplored part of the sky and her brilliancy at once attracts attention. She runs her brilliant course with great rapidity, gazed at by thousands of admiring eyes. But one day, at the height of her popularity, she suddenly disappears. Nobody speaks of her any more. Even her memory is forgotten. She may have fallen in love and retired into private married life, or she may have fascinated some nobleman or wealthy tradesman, who pays a large sum to her proprietress to resign all claims upon her, and makes her his mistress. The hardest time in the Geisha's life is when she first tries to give up her life of gaiety and perpetual excitement. She finds it irksome to accept the dull mediocrity of domesticity, and many who have sought retirement return to public life after a few months. Poor Geisha girl! You are only an ornament, a fancy, a frivolous toy of society, but you are beautiful, you are adorable, you are unique!

YONE NOGUCHI.



MISS DOROTHY REVELL  
Now playing in "The Second Fiddle" with Louis Mann





Sarony

MRS. FISKE AS NORA

Copyright, 1904, Will Armstrong

NANCE O'NEIL AS HEDDA

Copyright, 1902, Life Publishing Co.

THE GIBSON GIRL

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

AS MAGDA

Sarony

VIRGINIA HARNED AS IRIS

## Wanted—A New Type of Femininity

THE contemporary stage is practically monopolized by two types of women—the Ibsen Girl and the Gibson Girl.

The former harrows with her perpetual problems; the latter bores by her statuesque insipidity. Knowing these women only as I had seen them behind the footlights, I thought they might improve on closer acquaintance, so I called to see Hedda Gabler.

As Berta opened the door for me, Löyberg rushed past, and I caught a glimpse of the pistol peeping from his breast pocket; only when I entered the living room and saw Hedda upon her knees before the fire, tearing a manuscript to pieces, did I fully realize the situation. "Ibsen," I muttered; then held forth my hand in greeting. "I have it ready," she said coldly and in a level voice; "you'll find it in the drawer."

The pistol case was there, with one of its weapons missing; beside it was a phial marked "Subtlety." I cannot say that our talk was a pleasant one. Outside in the street the boys were vending Pastor Wagner's "The Simple Life," and before me was neither true woman nor fiend, but a bundle of nerves in clothes.

She asked me if I had ever jumped out of a window; I said, No. She opened the shutter and invited me to try, begging me to do it gracefully, adding something about vine-leaves in my hair! She wondered aloud whether at a distance of a hundred yards she could shoot me through the heart. It was all most uncomfortable, and I made haste to go. She was perfectly indifferent—even didn't inquire why I wanted the phial; and as Berta let me out, Hedda fired the remaining pistol, shattering the doorknob in the servant's hand.

Not far from Hedda's lived Magda, in a house much on the same order as the Tesman's; in fact, it is rumored that Sudermann watched Ibsen's construction of the Norwegian villa, and obtained many valuable suggestions. I had first gone to Magda's hotel, but there I learned that she was at home at the urgent invitation of her family. Over the main door of the room was a card reading: "No questions answered," and signed by Magda herself. Yet when we talked together she showed a willingness to discuss individuality and parental rule. One could not help pitying her; every time the father interrupted her, I understood why she was so assertive. "Here is what you want," she said, as I rose to go. I pocketed her phial marked "Subtlety" and I thanked her. There are some characters one cannot see humorously. The peculiar fun in Ibsen is the distorted isolation and unreality of his creeping passions; therefore I was peculiarly relieved when I called on Nora at the Doll's House.

She was dancing—this enigma—and munching cake when I entered. Like Charlotte in "The Sorrows of Werther," with her

bread cutting, so did Nora keep on munching. She talked to me about Christmas trees, unthinkingly wandering from point to point; she told me she resembled her papa, and would exhibit a case of heredity, if I would lend her my check-book. Then, as suddenly, she changed her tactics; she talked of her husband's tolerant treatment of her, and exhibited all those deeper phases that trouble nervous women. I was puzzled over this change, yet she excused her inconsistency in the name of "Subtlety," which label her phial likewise bore.

When I called on Iris I felt ashamed. I watched to see whether any one I knew was near. Unearthly noises came from a room as I stepped into the hall. Maldonado, the servant said, was throwing things around in a dreadful manner, and as for Iris, she was gone. I enquired about the phial I wanted, but none had been left for me, so I turned away. But down by the stoop, and in the gutter, I found the tiny bottle; it, too, was marked "Subtlety."

The next hour was spent far differently. In a gorgeously appointed home I found the Gibson Girl. A butler led me to where she sat, beautiful in the midst of her curves and gorgeous gown. There was nothing here to make nerves jump; my brain slept peacefully, while the scent of latest perfumes made me dream of flowers and the like. Her smile was a tired one; her vocabulary flowed between "grand" and "pretty," between "shopping" and "balls." The phial she handed me was not marked "Subtlety," but "Popularity," and there was nothing in it.

I pictured her face upon a million walls: straight nose, with perhaps a tilt at the tip—a frowning smile, a square jaw—and then wavy hair and ravishing shoulders. She could not fire pistols, but golf and dancing! At least that was healthy. And oh, yes—after her fourth season, she would marry one of the dress-suit puppets, and then go to card parties, and women's clubs. Thus night and day until the mortal coil was shuffled.

In my examination of this fluid—"Subtlety"—I find it rests largely upon impurity for its distinctive color. To the apothecary dramatist there seems to be no such chemical in its pure state. And the vapor of the Gibson type—a beautiful crust of femininity—waiting to be filled with humanity! Are there no phials I could put between these? I suggest this advertisement:

WANTED—A feminine type for the stage that you would like to meet off the stage; one to whom love means something more than candy or insane vine-leaves; one who is not ashamed to show her record up to date;—with some of the strength Sudermann and the like speak of,—with some of the grace and beauty Gibson draws; but, above all—and I say this in view of the calls I have just made—a woman whose home means peace.

Remember, too, that in building the New York Subway, the contractors carted away the dirt!

M. J. M.





Courtesy N. Y. World  
Mme. Réjane and her Daughter, from a photograph taken on the voyage to America

## Réjane as Herself

"Un Petit Entretien" with the  
Distinguished French Actress

"**I**L y a un peu de tout, dans les larmes d'une femme,"—There is a little of everything, in a woman's tears—says Sylvie Desnoyers, in "L'Hirondelle."

In her laughter, there is scarcely less. Some are born under a dancing star, like Beatrice in "Much Ado," and all the variations of their infinite moods are played in a key of mirth.

Such a woman is Gabrielle Réjane, the most exquisite, sparkling and versatile comedienne of her time. She is a Parisienne, and a prodigy of the Conservatoire. Her joyous and *débonair* temperament is moulded in art as perfectly as her piquante person is gowned by the modistes.

To see Réjane as herself, in "private" life (which is more a phrase than a reality in the case of an actress), is to confirm the impression derived from witnessing her stage performances. The sheer buoyancy of health, of sunny sanity, moral and physical, carries her lightly over the *risqué* passages in which her up-to-date Parisian comedies abound, and equally keeps her fresh and bright in the midst of the killing fatigues of her profession.

Take, for example, this, her second, visit to America—the first having been made some ten years ago, when "Madame Sans-Gêne" was a novelty. Arriving, with her daughter, Mlle. Germaine, by the transatlantic steamer, she spent one day in New York with her managers and the newspaper men—business is business, and at the same time Réjane seems really to think it great fun to be interviewed, doing all the talking herself—then off to Havana, one strenuous week there, with change of bill every night, and back to New York, *à la vapeur!* to play six nights a week and Thursday and Saturday matinees for a month, a new production almost every other evening, sometimes two pieces in one evening, the star in both. She carried out this schedule to the letter, never missing a performance, and at the same time contrived to recite at benefits, attend matinees at other theatres, and give those *chers amis journalistes* columns of "good copy" in the way of informal chats, for their Sunday papers.

Mme. Réjane and her daughter

ter dwelt in the Hotel Astor, and made a little Paris of their apartments, where 10 A. M. was not considered too early for a morning call.

"Yes, no—all right—I love you—voilà tout!" said Madame, in passable English. It was all she knew, she told us; but her daughter spoke it like an Americaine, and would serve as guide.

"Yet we have been taking good lessons," Mademoiselle declared, in that pretty, chaperoning way she has with mamma—"went to see Julia Marlowe, and Edna May, and—"

"And that Concours Hippique, also," interjected the actress, with a smile of enthusiastic reminiscence.

"She means the Horse Show," explained Miss Demure.

"Ze Beauty-Clothes Show, Monsieur Hyde calls it, n'est-ce pas? How characteristic of this so extraordinaire New York! Never

have I seen such superb young women—and so independent. To one coming from Europe, it seems—how shall we say?—possibly a bit defiant. And yet, ma foi! what is the use of having liberty unless one may abuse it?"

Mlle. Germaine looked disapprovingly; but the vivacious Réjane was started in French now, and a pleasure it was to look and listen.

Her vivacity was as obviously real and temperamental as her clear complexion and snappy, dark eyes, her rebellious bronze hair—is it bronze, or chestnut? Without pretending to the least insight into the mysteries of Marcel waves, and that sort of thing, we cannot help feeling that somehow this mother of a seventeen-year-old girl has gotten the better of time—and we are glad of it.

"It is that I have the comedy spirit at heart," she suggests.

"And that, like sleep, 'knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,'" we observe, just to see Madame look puzzled and reproachful.

"Shakespeare, is it not?" comments the wise Mlle. Germaine. "'Romeo and Juliet' we have seen, you know, chère Maman."

"Is Mademoiselle fond of the theatre?" we inquire, thinking of "Amoureuse," "La Passerelle," and "La Parisienne," as those plays are in French.



Sarony, N. Y.

MME. GABRIELLE RÉJANE

From her most recent photograph, taken in New York



"Naturally—when I am playing," says Réjane, unerringly divining our thought. "She is in front every evening. And, why not? Voyons, let us be frank. In France, certainly, a young lady of my daughter's age would not be permitted to see these plays indiscriminately at the theatre. Yet, what is to guarantee that she would not read them? for, as you know, they are always in circulation as published books, being works of art. To understand is to pardon. But how should any one—even the critics, like yourself, *mon cher monsieur*—understand such a pitiless, mordant satire as, for instance, Henri Becque's 'Parisienne,' unless it be interpreted as the author planned—on the stage? That is what lets in the light and sunshine, and they are always wholesome. Our Parisian playwrights are audacious—they choose those subjects and treat them in that light way, and we artistes have to play them in the same spirit, but it is not a spirit of wantonness. No! they are, or should be, so many lessons in modern life."

"Even 'Amoureuse?' where the lesson taught by the separation of the husband and wife in Act. II., is knocked into smithereens—what's the French for smithereens?—by their ignominious compromise in Act. III."

"Yes, I know. And I have always said that was—un peu trop fort. My idea is, that the final curtain should fall on Act II., where the unappreciated wife quits the husband who doesn't love her, for some one else who does—and it serves them both right, I mean the two men! That would be a logical ending, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, as to logic, Madame—your plays are all feministic, and don't need it."

"Thanks. Well, as I was saying, I don't see how these plays of our Vaudeville repertoire, when rendered with sufficient art to illumine and to entertain, could ever lead astray any one who was not far on the road already. Besides, as we all recognize, that splendid, self-reliant young womanhood of your United States is so well able to protect itself. That is how I wish my daughter to be."

We asked if Mademoiselle would follow in her mother's career and be a great actress.

"No—her own tastes and disposition have settled that. My daughter's artistic instincts take rather the literary direction. When we are at home in Paris, she attends the University lecture courses regularly. In London she goes much into society with Mme. Avril, of our company, whom you New Yorkers also

have been prompt to appreciate. There, now—there is a charming example in Mme. Avril, of a *mondaine* actress, whose elegance of manners and speech count in everything she does on the stage, but who in society carries not the faintest suggestion of the footlights."

Mme. Réjane was enthusiastic in discussing her proposal to found in conjunction with the Alliance Française, a sort of social-literary Paris Conservatoire in New York. She would be will-

ing to give a share of her personal time and attention to it, as would also her daughter and Mme. Avril, not to mention other distinguished French artistes of American affinities. Esperons!

Nine-tenths of Réjane's more subtle phases of expression—things not in the author's text, but flashed from the imagination of the actress, and flickering in ineffable shades across her sensitive face—are in the smiles, the poutings, the moves of her generous and mobile mouth. "Those two lips, in silence, are more eloquent than eyes," as Emma Calvé, her friend and fellow-artist, once declared. Sem, the caricaturist, has drawn an instantly recognizable travesty of Réjane, in which not a feature except the mouth appears. "Pretty," it may not be; roguish and fascinating it is ever, even in the luxurious languor of grief.

A jovial grimace was the only reply she would vouchsafe when questioned or quizzed about her "*mauvais quart d'heure*," when she was, theoretically, poisoned. It seems Madame's special and favorite pick-me-up is the pungent Astrakhan caviar. On the occasion of Mrs. Roosevelt's visit to the Lyric Theatre, the fair comedienne was bent upon excelling herself; so, by way of fortifying for that impossible task, she discarded the caviar limit and bolted down about four times too much. As the curtain was about to rise, Réjane fell, in something like a faint. There was a panic, the doctor came, looked grave, until he saw the caviar-can, then laughed loudly and administered a glass of hot water. In fifteen or twenty minutes, Jacqueline of "La Passerelle" was herself again; and some said she actually did play with a trifle more of *diablerie* than usual that night.

Had Madame any preference amongst her many rôles?

No—she liked them all, in different ways, like so many people. The serious ones, like Sapho, Zaza, and the Pyrenean peasant woman in "La Robe Rouge," took a stronger hold upon her than the others, she thought, because of their intensity or range of emotion.

It is apparent, however, that Zaza holds a warm place in Mme. Réjane's affections, which she communicates to her audiences, sometimes even in spite of their disapproval. HENRY TYRRELL.



Sarony, N. Y.

RÉJANE AS ZAZA

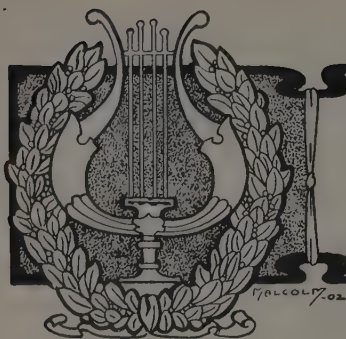


Reutlinger

MME. SUZANNE AVRIL

A popular member of Mme. Réjane's company





# World of Music



THE season of grand opera began Nov. 21st at the Metropolitan Opera House with all its accustomed brilliance and éclat, the world's greatest singers and the kings of American finance combining to make the opening night one of unforgettable splendor. Mr. Conried has not yet succeeded in doing away with the star system. He finds it impossible, since society imposes upon him its own sweet will in the matter; but at least he has succeeded in giving the opera what it sadly needed under previous régimes—better ensemble and more liberal stage settings. It is, indeed, probable that Mr. Conried will eventually attain a degree of artistic excellence never before equalled in operatic annals. It will take time, but Mr. Conried has both the ideas and the necessary energy. He has already accomplished much which once seemed impossible. The operatic feast opened with "Aida," and swept triumphantly into what promises to be both a dignified and artistically successful season. The salient features so far have been the production of "Die Meistersinger," the revival of "Lucretia Borgia" and "La Gioconda," and we are further promised "Die Fledermaus." As far as costumes and scenery go, nothing but praise awaits the efforts of the conscientious, painstaking management. Among the principals, one holds the laurel wreath in one's hand in perplexity, not knowing whether to lay it at the feet of Sembrich and Caruso, queen and king of bel canto, or at the door of Olive Fremstad, who leaps from the subtlest of Kundry's to the most seductive Carmen or Venus; or upon the head of Herr Knotte triumphing in Wagnerian tenor rôles, or over the brow of our own Nordica, whose art glows more golden yearly; to the willowy Aktté, the Finnish soprano, whose appearances this year have been more successful; the sweet-voiced Melba, the handsome tenor Saleza, the deep-toned Van Rooy, the doughty Journet, or the noble Plançon. The "Parsifal" craze, which was based on nothing substantial, having somewhat subsided, the crowds on "Parsifal" days were less numerous this year, and next year Mr. Conried may see the necessity of reducing the present price—\$10 a seat—to the normal figure. Common sense would seem to dictate such a policy.

beyond all possible recital competitors, we had a concert given us by the great Sembrich, who presented one of her own flawlessly-arranged (except for the last group of songs) programmes, in her own flawless style. Her voice seems more of gold and pearls than ever, and she seems to have delved deeper into song psychology than any singer we have heard for many years, except, perhaps, Mme. Lilli Lehman, whose voice was gone.



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FRANZ VON VECSEY

The phenomenal boy violinist who will be heard in New York next month. This boy's playing has astounded Europe. All the critics agree that he plays like a master and are unable to explain it. His concerts in London, Berlin and other cities have been attended by scenes of the greatest enthusiasm, women weeping and men almost frantic with excitement. He is only eleven years old, but his face, when serious, is said to resemble that of an old man. When his music is over, however, he will run and play like any ordinary boy of his age.

In the concert field there were the customary appearances of the indefatigable Kneisel Quartette; the New York Symphony Orchestra, which ambitious title belongs to the band of men Walter Damrosch is striving to lead to success; Sousa's Band; the Mendelssohn Glee Club; Victor Herbert and his orchestra, whose Sunday night concerts at the Majestic Theatre are at present one of the pleasures of a large and musically appreciative public; the Russian Symphony Society; the Philharmonic Society, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Gustav Kogel, of Frankfurt, conducted the first of the Philharmonic concerts, at which Josef Hofmann was the soloist, playing Beethoven's G major concerto with such tonal beauty and refined sentiment that he fairly entranced his audience. Such piano playing is all but peerless. The second concert was in charge of Edouard Colonne, of Paris, and Anton Hekking, 'cellist, was the soloist.

The first two Boston Symphony Concerts occurred Nov. 3d and Nov. 5th. At the Saturday matinee, Mr. de Pachmann played Chopin's Concerto No. 2 in F minor. It was a chaste and continent if rather simian performance throughout. Just how Mr. Gericke, of classical and academic perspective, can bring himself to conduct for an exhibition of this kind is one of the rapt mysteries of nature, for one would hesitate to accuse him of being coquettish enough to foresee that de Pachmann's bizarre performance serve to high-light his own gray and gentle excellences in a very striking manner.

On December 8th, Eugene Ysaye was the soloist. Many and weary have been the days since New York has heard such violin playing. We have much to forget and forgive about the fiddlers we have had recently with us. Ysaye's treatment of the Bach was so lofty, noble and glowing that he held his audience spellbound. We doubt if any one hearing that adagio will ever forget it. Bach ceased to be the musical pedant to be played by rule and mathematical precept, and he spoke the living, throbbing message animating the concerto, straight from a strong man's heart. Ysaye almost invariably gets his effects, crisply and cleanly, and there is a noticeable absence of "slithering" (no other word describes it) up and down the strings in a fatuous effort to portray passion, or secure a pure cantilena. The Bruch concerto went safe and sound, save

(Continued on page x.)



EUGENE YSAYE

The distinguished Belgian violinist is paying another visit to America and has again met with great success

Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, at her recital at Mendelssohn Hall, played a sweetly pretty programme of mere piano-music in an eminently decorous fashion, and thereafter recitals followed fast. We had recitals by the mentally musical Bispham; by the ever-ambitious Mme. Gadski; by de Pachmann, whose mannerisms and prehensile, nimble fingers attract crowds of the curious; by Josef Hofmann, the little Titan of the piano; by Elsa Breidt, pianiste, gifted pupil of Alexander Lambert; Helen Niebuhr, a singer; and, to cover the ground quickly, by Heinrich Meyn, Francis Rogers, Arnold Dolmetsch, Mme. Elfriede Stoffregen, Alexander Guilmant, Rudolph Friml, and others of that ilk. Apart and



VICTOR HERBERT

The well-known composer and conductor. Mr. Herbert's Sunday concerts in New York are very popular and he is the author of half a dozen successful comic operas on the stage this season





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# THEATRE FASHIONS



**B**EGINNING with this issue, the THEATRE MAGAZINE starts a department devoted to the fashions of the stage. We think it will appeal to all our readers as an all-important phase of theatrical life and activity. After the production of every new play one hears enthusiastic accounts of the actresses' gowns, and much as most women would like to see these ravishing creations of the dressmaker's art, many are unable to do so, especially those living in the country, who get little opportunity to go to the theatre. Ever since theatregoing became a great factor in our daily life, the latest fashions, both in men and women's attire, have been seen on the

stage more quickly than anywhere else. In France and other continental countries the new fashions are first introduced on the stage, and society women copy the gowns worn by the actresses. This is also true, in a lesser degree, of America. For each new production, our leading managers spare no expense to secure the latest models of the Paris dressmakers for their actresses' gowns. We believe, therefore, that an intelligent description of some of these sartorial masterpieces, accompanied by pictures showing the detail of each gown or wrap, will be much appreciated by our women readers, and we hope, too, to interest the men, as from time to time we shall show changes in fashion in the clothes worn by the actors. It is our intention, too, not to confine this department entirely to modern dress, but to depict historical costumes as well, thus giving the department archeological interest and value. This said, by the way of introduction, we pass on to review some of the most striking gowns seen on the stage this season.

Both were of soft cream lace over flesh-colored satin. The former made "princesse" with almost no fullness right down to the hem. Tight-fitting sleeves of the lace, ending several inches above the elbow and a square décolletage, just below which and to one side a choux of palest rose satin formed the only embellishment.

The other boudoir gown was made like a peignoir with flowing sleeves, slashed to show the arm and a flare at the hem of the garment. This also was lined with the pale flesh-colored satin much affected by the French actress.

Among the well-dressed plays of the season, "The Duke of Killicrankie" must be mentioned, the gowns of Miss Dale and Miss Brough being especially well thought out.

Miss Brough was seen in the first act wearing an evening gown of heavy white satin and point d'esprit, the bodice heavily embroidered with gold and silver paillette in chrysanthemum design. The blouse was noticeably full and the tight-fitting short sleeves were profusely embroidered, ending at the elbow in a fall of graduated ruffles in point d'esprit. The trained skirt, while simple in effect, was elaborately designed. It was of white satin, each gore being slashed out in a scroll pattern and outlined with gold and silver paillettes against a foundation of point d'esprit.

The net in turn was heavily pailletted. A heavy design of chrysanthemums began close to the hem of the skirt, extending irregularly upward and tracing across the net. A collar of pearls with a pendant of brilliants was worn, also a tiara-shaped comb of the latter jewels.

A good model for a stout figure was worn in the same act by Miss Lester, of light blue, figured satin, the décolletage was square with a V-shaped vest of chiffon in the same shade.

Length of waist was afforded by outlining the "V" with a narrow ruche of blue satin, extending over the shoulder straps. Similar ruchings of chiffon extended diagonally across the bust for several inches, whence the vest was "fulled" slightly to the point of the bodice. The chiffon vest of the bodice was continued into a panel in the skirt, narrow at the waist line and growing wider toward the hem, where it ended in a ruffle topped by several narrower ones of the chiffon.

The panel was outlined by a satin ruching similar to that used on the bodice.

An invisible hem finished the skirt. The sleeves were short, scant puffs of blue satin, not attached to the shoulder straps of ruching, but falling an inch or so below and modifying the fleshy part of the upper arm.

A coat worn in the last act by Miss Dale affords a desirable simple model for an evening wrap or to be worn as a carriage coat in a shade to match one's gown.

This was of



(2) Long loose coat of chinchilla made for Julia Marlowe by George Booss, of Fifth Avenue

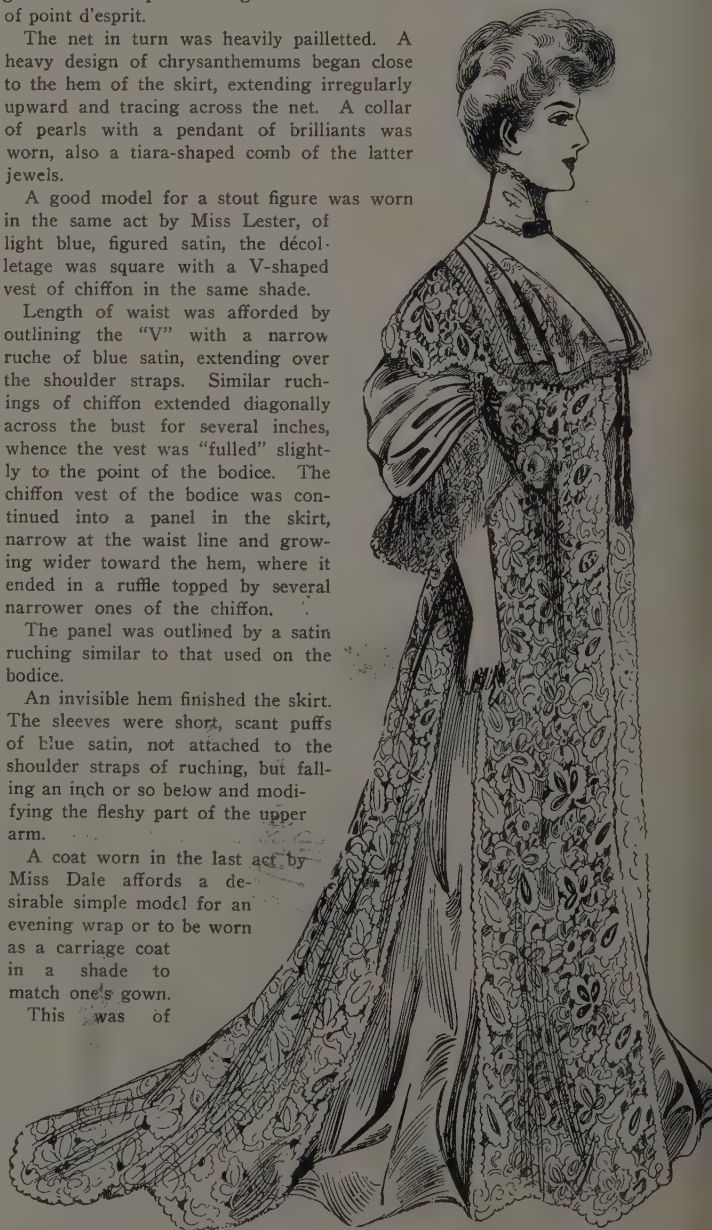
Putting aside the consideration of art with a very large "A," those of us who saw Madame Réjane in "Ma Cousine" were willing to forgive the execrable stage setting, yea, even unto the awful lace curtain draperies of the last act, for the sake of Madame's exquisite frocks and those worn by Mme. Avril of her company.

An out-of-door costume worn by the latter was of Mignonette green velvet, made with a short jacket and plain skirt cut rather longer than one sees here. A fringe of silvery chenille was the only trimming used on the skirt, while the jacket had a bolero effect of wide pleats, a bloused waistcoat of twine-colored lace and the sleeves, plain and flared below the elbow, were finished with a lace "flot."

In the same play, and during the act wherein the afore-mentioned lace curtains played havoc with one's imagination, Mme. Réjane made her entrance wearing a wrap of iridescent chiffon, which changed chameleon-wise from blue to green with her every movement. The effect was had by using layers of the filmy material in the two shades and was enhanced by the lustre of the orange satin lining. Such a combination of colors sounds daring in the extreme when put into cold, black type, but the mantle was very beautiful, nevertheless, made in the accepted fluffiness which such material requires.

Madame Réjane is especially happy in her selection of negligées, always a more difficult task to the woman with an inclination to embonpoint, since it is not permitted her to carry furbelows beyond the outline of her figure to any extent.

Two very fetching garments of this sort were shown, one in "La Passerelle" during the last act, the other at the rise of the curtain in "Ma Cousine."



(1) Gown designed for Mlle. Brandès of the Comédie Française. Worn by her in her latest play, "L'Escalier"



pastel blue panne cloth, box-shape, in three-quarter length. The rolled collar formed revers of the same material finely tucked. The sleeves were very full, having a wide square cuff of the tucked cloth ornamented with an applique Maltese cross of the same material, and finished with a fall of lace.

Large pockets closed with pearl buttons added a smart finish, and the hem of the garment was formed by cutting the cloth out in the form of six Maltese crosses, these being applique upon a wide false hem of the tucked material. Pearl buttons were used on the front, which was double-breasted.

The opening of the opera season might be likened to the bursting of a great cocoon, from which myriad exquisite wraps and gowns flutter forth in wondrous color combinations and textures.

Nothing more beautiful than the Syrian scarfs has been shown in the year's novelties. These may be bought from twelve dollars up, although the smarter shops ask higher prices. Most of the scarfs are two and a half yards long and from twenty to twenty-four inches wide. In many colors of net, combined with gold and silver embroidery, they are designed into wraps of uncommon effectiveness over silk of contrasting or corresponding shades.

They may be made into kimonas also, with a lining of dainty silk. One which was attractive was of fawn-colored cord, embroidered in gold and lined with soft silk of palest blue. Another of black cord, with gold, had a scarlet silken lining.

It is said that next season's evening wraps will combine fur and chiffon in quite new effects, and that many of the filmiest wraps will be cozily lined with fur throughout.

Speaking of fur is a reminder of some gorgeous cloaks and short wraps which the season has shown. Among these, the one in the illustration (2) is a notable example. Made for Miss Julia Marlowe by Geo. Booss, of Fifth Avenue, it is a long, loose coat of chinchilla, with skins worked on diagonal lines. The inner sleeve and facing are of ermine and the lining of heavy white satin.

An exceedingly smart short wrap, made by the same firm for Miss Anna Fitzhugh, is of moire astrakhan, with edging and full cuffs of ermine. It is cut like a kimona jacket, collarless, with an edging of ermine and heavy embroidery. The lining is of exquisite Chinese embroidered brocade.

Miss Marguerite Clark wears a shawl of mink and ermine, from the same establishment. It is lined with gathered chiffon and has a stole and epaulettes of heavy embroidery. The deep cuffs are of ermine and a tied scarf of the same fur is worn.

A handsome evening wrap worn on the Paris stage is also shown in illustration (3). It is of black velvet, made very long, with facing and deep revers of ermine. The sleeves are wide with a flare, and gathered above the deep ermine cuff into a velvet choux.

The sleeves, shoulder and bodice of the garment are trimmed with silk passementerie. Chenille bows with long ends, tipped with ermine tails, embellish the revers, and the lining is chiffon over white satin with facing and sleeve garniture of Alençon lace.

Another wrap, shown in Illustration No. 4, which was made for a French actress, is a short jacket slightly bloused, made of sable with ermine vest and cravat. The sleeve, which is tight at the wrist, is edged with ermine, and has the now familiar fall of lace over the wrist.

Rather effective is the collar of venise lace worn unattached to the charming house gown in the illustration. It will be noticed that the décolletage is almost "V"-shaped, and the tiny bow of black velvet at the throat is the only touch of color, the rest of the frock and its garniture being in one tone—champagne. Panné velvet of that delicate shade is the foundation of the gown. The long panels are of Venise lace, the bertha forms wide revers, which fall away from the décolletage in folds that form pleats at the shoulder.

The lace panel continues across the top of the sleeve in an epaulette. The sleeve of champagne panne velvet is made very full and gathered to elbow length, where it is finished with a deep fall of Chantilly lace. A mantle of lace hangs from the shoulders at the back, extending over the train. The front and side panel of lace open over the princesse foundation of the velvet.

This gown was also designed for a French actress, Mlle. Brandès, and worn by her in her latest play, "L'Escalade." See Illustration No. 1.

An exquisite evening gown of pale pink satin and Valenciennes lace is being worn this season by Maxine Elliott. The bodice is slightly bloused and made with alternating panels of satin and lace. The garniture is an unconventional pattern in applique of rosebuds in pale pink chiffon and tender green leaves. A pointed girdle of satin finishes the bodice, the décolletage being cut square.

From the shoulder straps of satin, trimmed with the chiffon rosebuds, a lace sleeve falls to below the elbow, and is caught with a spray of rosebuds several inches below the shoulder strap, where it forms a short lace puff.

The skirt is panelled alternately of lace and satin, and a cross pattern of lace motifs is carried out from below the knees. The rosebuds are used again to fasten each joining of the inserts. Miss Elliott wears no ornament with this gown save a string of pearls at the throat.

A handsome Directoire coat of sable and black velvet is being worn this season by Miss Anna Held. The short bodice is of sable. The sleeves are full to below the elbows. A puff of black velvet ending in a ruffle and faced with a frill of lace carries the sleeve several inches below the elbow, and from thence a tight-fitting inner sleeve of gathered velvet, forming a ruffle at the wrist and ending in another frill of lace. The upper part of the jacket is cut like a bolero of sable, opening

Handsome evening wrap worn on the Paris stage by Mme. LeBargy

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over a velvet vest with scalloped edge. Each scallop adorned with a large Directoire button. This in turn opens over a waistcoat of cream colored lace. The long skirt of the garment is gathered into the waist line. The lining is of heavy white satin.

The favorite fur garment of Miss Fritz Scheff this winter is a tight-fitting coat of moire astrakhan, cut three-quarter length. There is no trimming of any sort on the garment save the military frogs which fasten it. The collar is a simple rolled rever of the fur. The sleeves are full at the wrist and gathered into a deep cuff.

Theatre coiffures this season are noticeably elaborate. Many combs are used and hair ornaments which glitter with jewels. The fad for gems in trimming and to wear in the hair has given an impetus to business in shops where imitation gems are sold.

A short time ago it was thought exceedingly bad taste to wear anything containing gems not of the first quality, but we are almost garish at present in the display of such adornment. Jewelled fans, opera glass bags and reticules all add to the glitter of theatre-going throngs.

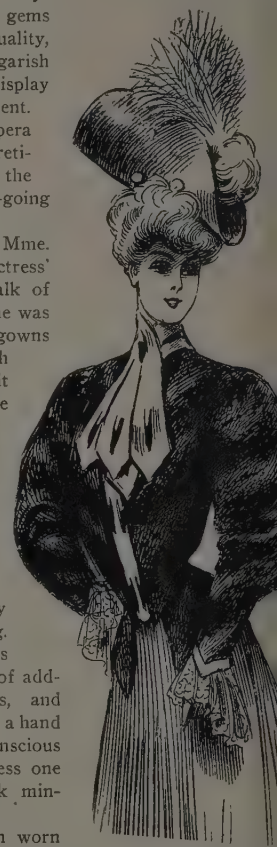
To return to Mme. Réjane, for this actress' gowns were the talk of New York while she was here, most of her gowns are from Worth and Doucet, and it is said that she has brought no less than two hundred beautiful frocks with her for the American tour. The distinctiveness of French gowns lies chiefly in their trimming. Parisian modistes seem never to tire of adding embellishments, and always with so deft a hand that one is not conscious of this feature unless one examines the work minutely.

A beautiful gown worn by Réjane in "Zaza," is one of the most elaborate in her collection. It is built of cloth of silver with roses formed of pink satin ribbon, alternating with blue en applique. These blossoms are caught about the skirt with garlands and leaves in pale green tinted velvet, the ends of the garlands being finished with lover's knots of turquoise velvet edged with narrow Valenciennes lace.

About the bottom of the skirt are bands of zibeline with ribbon roses caught at intervals against the dark fur, the contrast being most effective. The corsage has clusters of roses caught with lover's knots of blue velvet, while the sleeves coming to the elbow are finished with frills of real Valenciennes lace.

A handsome coat worn in "La Passerelle," is of pale mauve cloth, handsomely trimmed with castro. This coat is sleeveless, having a cape à la militaire with a jabot of Irish point lace laid in pleats for a depth of some six inches, then flaring flounce-like to the waist. The skirt of the coat is finished with a heavy band of the castro about twelve inches in depth.

ANNA MARBLE.



4. Jacket slightly bloused of sable, with ermine vest and cravat, made for Mlle. Yash.



## Among the Amateurs

The first public performance of the season by the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts was given at an Empire Theatre matinee on December 1. The bill was an ambitious one, including as its *pièce de résistance* no less important a novelty than Sudermann's four-act drama, "Johannisfeuer" (St. John's Fire). There was also presented a one-act piece by John Ernest McCann, entitled "Smoke."



MISS KARFUNKLE

As Francisquie in "The Strolling Players" (American Academy of Dramatic Arts)

The students gave a remarkably good performance of the longer piece, and their task was all the more difficult seeing that simultaneously Miss Nance O'Neill was presenting the same play at Daly's. The rôle of Marikke was acted by Miss Mary Lawton with an authority and power quite surprising in a novice. Miss Lawton, who made her début on any stage on this occasion, is a tall, handsome woman with much personal magnetism. Her handling of the character of Vogelreuter's foster daughter showed not only intelligence, but also considerable grasp of the technic of her art. She towered above her fellow students at all times both figuratively and literally, and several times during the performance touched real dramatic heights, making an appreciable impression on her audience. There can be no doubt as to the future career of this young woman on the stage. Willis D. Howe was acceptable as the father, and Miss Louise Coleman did a clever bit of character work as a Lithuanian vagrant.

The week previous there had been a trial performance by Mr. Sargent's pupils of four one-act plays at Carnegie Lyceum. One of these plays is a dramatic version of "I Pagliacci" ("The Strolling Players"). Edward Hemmer appeared as the mountebank who, in a fit of jealousy, kills his wife, and Miss Karfunkle was the flirtatious Francisquie. The piece may be seen later in public.

The Dilettante Players, a popular amateur dramatic organization of Brooklyn, announces a performance January 18 of Belasco and Fyles' stirring military drama, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The performance will be given at the Germania Theatre, Schermerhorn Street, at 8:15 o'clock P. M., and the representation will be followed by dancing. This will be the first time that this piece has been performed by amateurs. No expense will be spared to make its presentation complete in every particular. The principal rôles are in the hands, largely, of the leading players of the old original Sothern Society, while leading players of the Amaranth, Marlowe, Jesters, Carroll, and La Tosca have been selected for the other parts. Special scenery has been secured through the courtesy of a local manager, and the costumes will conform strictly with those called for by the authors. At the close of the play a reception will be held, and Lloyd's Orchestra will, as usual, furnish music for those who care to dance. The full cast follows:

General Kennion, Anthony E. Wills; Major Burleigh, Charles Doscher; Lieut. Edgar Hawkesworth, John J. Ryan; Lieut. Morton Parlow, Louis Charles Wills; Dr. Arthur Penwick, Frank W. Norris; Dick Burleigh, Einar Petersen; Sergeant Dicks, Edmund Williams; Corporal Brandon, Albert E. Shaw; Orderly McGlynn, William

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## World of Music

(Continued from page 26.)

the last movement, which was taken at such a curious, furious pace that it was a miracle it did not end in a total wreck.

December 10, Miss Olive Fremstad, a bright star among Mr. Conried's gay galaxy, sang Mozart's recitative, "Jetzt, Vitellia!" and Rondo, "Nie soll mit Rosen," from Titus. As for the orchestra itself, it is now, what it always has been, one of possibly three in all the world, and it seems more attractive than ever. In music like Schumann's "Rhenish" Symphony, this orchestra is particularly felicitous, and with wonderful tonal beauty it sang out the richnesses of the score in a rarely satisfying manner. The Goldmark "Sappho" Overture revealed once more the fine harp playing of Mr. Schnekker. It is but just to add that Mr. Hess' virile and temperamental personality radiates all over and through the ranks of this organization. He is a living musician, not an automaton.

On December 15 there was an interesting musicale at the Hotel Belleclaire, this city. M. F. Malkin, first prize of the Paris Conservatoire, appeared at the piano, and Mme. Olga Miller, soprano of the Dresden Opera House, sang *Elsa's* song from "Lohengrin." Others on the bill were Signor Zavalloni, cellist, and Mr. Andre, basso.

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A friend of ours from abroad after a trip to Chicago and back on a New York Central-Michigan Central train described his experiences as follows:

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Truly one of the wonders of the day is this train, a train that the trackmen on the road still stop to gaze at, with pride and admiration, as it thunders by; a train that one may enjoy though his purse be not so very fat, but one whose luxuries could not have been commanded at any price a scant fifty years ago, when such trains were quite unknown, when everybody rode in sit-ups."—From the Stockholder.



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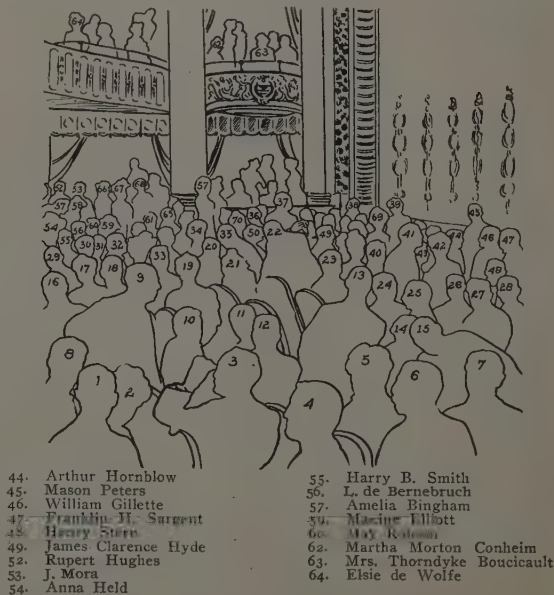
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2. Carlotta Nilsson
3. Gustav Kobbe
4. James G. Hunker
5. William Winter.
6. F. Marion Crawford
7. Henry W. Savage
8. James H. Hyde
9. William H. Crane
10. Acton Davies
11. Bronson Howard
12. Alan Dale
13. Edward Fales Coward
14. Alice Kauser
15. John Kendrick Bangs
16. Nat C. Goodwin
17. Ada Patterson
18. Paul Meyer
19. Elizabeth Tyree (Mrs. J. S. Metcalfe)
20. Marinal P. Wilder
21. Wilton Lackaye
22. Ray D. Lillibridge
23. Alexander Lambert
24. Abraham H. Hummel
25. Colonel Broder
26. Harrison Fisher
27. Louis Meyer
28. James S. Metcalfe
29. Edward E. Kidder
30. Mrs. Kidder
31. James K. Hackett
32. Charles Klein
33. Clara Bloodgood
34. John Corbin
35. Louis Mann
36. Chetron Stuart
37. Resnault de Koven
38. Heinrich Conried
39. John Drew
40. Lillian Russell
41. Mary Mannering



42. Arthur Hornblow
43. Mason Peters
44. William Gillette
45. Franklin H. Sargent
46. Henry Stern
47. James Clarence Hyde
48. Rupert Hughes
49. J. Mora
50. Anna Held
51. Harry B. Smith
52. L. de Bernebruch
53. Amelia Bingham
54. Maudie Elliott
55. May Robinson
56. Martha Morton Conheim
57. Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault
58. Elsie de Wolfe



## QUERIES ANSWERED

The Editor will be pleased to answer in this department all reasonable questions asked by our readers. Irrelevant and personal questions, such as those relating to actors or singers as private individuals, their age, whether they are married or single, etc., etc., will be ignored.

READER—Q.—Would you publish a picture of Henry Woodruff, now acting as Edward Warden in "The Climbers?"

A.—We will do so shortly.

MARY ANTONY—Q.—Will you publish pictures of Mr. Mansfield as Beau Brummel or Richard III., and a picture of Sothorn as Romeo?

A.—We published a picture of Mansfield as Richard III. in the March number and a colored picture of Sothorn as Romeo in the Christmas number.

M. A. New York—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Miss Julia Marlowe as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing" and as Ophelia?

A.—We shall do so shortly.

Q. (2)—Will any souvenir in the Marlowe-Sothorn Shakespearean production be published?

A. (2)—We cannot say.

A KENTUCKIAN.—Q.—Where, with whom and in what play is Bruce McRae playing?

A.—He is now playing at the Hudson Theatre with Ethel Barrymore, the part of Col. Brinthorpe in "Sunday."

"A BROOKLYN GIRL"—The address of A. Dow Currier is 414 Mason St., San Francisco, Cal.

SARAH SWIFT.—Q.—Will you kindly print a picture of James K. Hackett in "The Fortunes of the King?"

A.—You will find a page of pictures in this issue.

P. F. H., Elizabeth, N. J.—Q. (1)—Is Mrs. Leslie Carter not one of the greatest emotional actresses in America?

A.—She is one of our best emotional actresses.

Q. (2)—Which was her greatest hit, "Zaza" or "Du Barry?"

A.—"Zaza."

EVELYN, Baltimore, Md.—Q. (1)—Why is it that you hardly ever publish pictures of actors and actresses of the different stock companies in different cities?

A.—We have done so frequently.

Q. (2)—In what companies are the following: Misses Jane Oaker, Evelyn Vaughn, Grace Kimball, Edna Wallace Hopper, Messrs. De Witt, C. Jennings, Frank Craner, Wallace Worsley and Edwin Arden?

A.—See the *Clipper* or *Dramatic Mirror*.

Q. (3)—What are the addresses of the following photographers: Otto Sarony Co., White, and Byron?

A.—Otto Sarony Co. 1177 Broadway, N. Y. C.; Mr. White, 1261 Broadway, N. Y. C.; Mr. Byron, 53 West 32nd St., N. Y. C.

Q. (4)—When will you publish interviews with Messrs. James K. Hackett, Dustin Farum, Henry Miller, and William Collier?

A.—Some time during the year.

Q. (5)—Will you have a picture of Miss Maxine Elliott and one of Miss Gertrude Elliott on the cover of your magazine soon?

A.—It is impossible for us to say at this time.

O. E. HUBBER, Monroe, La.—We cannot recommend any particular school.

L. B. NYRE—Q.—Can you give room in your magazine for an article on an amateur performance of "The Fantasticks?"

A.—Send it to the Editor of the Amateur Department.

LYMAN BROWN, Hartford, Conn.—Q. (1)—Will you kindly print some scenes from "Woodland?"

A.—See our issue for August, 1904.

Q. (2)—What is Miss Alice Dovey in this season and where is her home?

A.—She is appearing in "Woodland."

SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia, Pa.—Q.—With what companies did the following players last appear and are they engaged at the present time? Henry Bergman, Eugenie Blair, Harry Corson Clark, Hattie Delaro, Charles Dickson, Dowling Dorr, Robert Downing, Frances Gibson, Wright Lorimer, John Jack, Harry Mills, Jessie Millward, Tyrone Power, Floye Redledge, Elizabeth Tyrer?

A.—Eugenie Blair is starring in "Iris." Harry Corson Clark is manager of a stock company in Texas. Hattie Delaro was in this city a few weeks ago. Charles Dickson commenced a starring tour about January 1st. Robert Downing is starring in a new play, called "Strenuous Trade." Wright Lorimer is in Philadelphia. John Jack is in this city. Henry Miller is star-

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ring. Hattie Delaro is in vaudeville. Harry Bergman is not acting at present.

F. J. W., Buffalo—Q.—Are the Sothern-Marlowe productions booked to appear in Buffalo?

A.—They are.

Q. (2)—What has Eben Plympton appeared in since Viola Allen's "Hunchback?"

A.—He has not appeared in any other production in this city since then. He is now in this city, and his address is Players' Club.

ODETTE—Q. (1)—Where can I address Miss Julia Marlowe?

A.—Care Chas. Frohman.

Q. (2)—Where is the "Amaranth Dramatic Society" of Brooklyn playing now?

A.—Nowhere at present.

Q. (3)—Where can I address its president?

A.—A letter will reach him by addressing it to Brooklyn.

Q. (4)—Is there a good school of acting in Brooklyn?

A.—None that we know, but there are many in this city.

Q. (5)—Can you name some of the good amateur dramatic societies in Brooklyn?

A.—The Amaranth is considered the best; the Dilettante Players is another.

V. R. LOEB, Ft. Smith, Ark.—Q.—In what company is Edwin Caldwell playing this season?

A.—He is at present in this city. He has not been engaged this season. A letter addressed to Room 7, 1358 Broadway, N. Y. City, will reach him.

X. Y. C.—Q.—Are E. H. Sothern's eyes blue or brown?

A.—They are hazel.

**A Lady Scene Painter**

Women have made their way into most professions, but so far as the writer has been able to discover there is only one lady scene-painter on this planet. This is Miss Grace N. Wishaar, and she is at present working in the American Theatre, New York. When seen by a *Tit-Bits* contributor she was busily employed on a platform (known as the "bridge" in the profession) 50 feet above the stage, painting an elaborate dado on a drop-scene. On being lowered she shook hands unaffectedly, declared that the "Green 'Un" was an old favorite of hers, and motioned me to a chair which stood among a perfect forest of paint-pots. The writer asked Miss Wishaar how long she had been painting scenery.

"I came here five years ago," she said, "and began my work as a scene-painter about six months later. I used to live in Seattle, where I studied art and had a few pupils, but as I found I did not make money quite so quickly as I desired, I determined to become a scene-painter. I visited every theatrical manager in New York asking for employment, but they either held up their hands in horror at the idea of a girl engaging in such work, or else dismissed me with a laugh. Then by good fortune I called on Mr. D. Frank Dodge, the well-known scene-painter, and he listened patiently to all I had to say. I told him what I could do, of my ambitions, and how one day I felt sure I should be able to paint scenery as well as any man. And I wanted was that he should give me a trial, and after thinking for a few minutes he said he would. He did not send me with letters of introduction to other scene-painters, but there and then employed me in his own studio, and I have been with him ever since.

"The work is intensely interesting," continued Miss Wishaar, "and, I consider, as instructive as what are sometimes erroneously called the 'higher forms of art.' When we receive an order for an important production, a consultation is held with the author of the play, and if the scenes are laid in another State, either I or Mr. Dodge take a journey to the particular locality and make sketches. If the scene is laid abroad, we have to read up a bit, and when the play is English, we get many a useful hint from that beautiful production, 'Country Life.'"

Miss Grace Wishaar is a very pretty girl of twenty-five, fair, and with an abundance of beautiful brown hair. She has been engaged in painting scenery for some of the biggest productions of the past four years, and her work has given the utmost satisfaction to managers, playwrights, critics, and the public. Miss Wishaar does not confine her work to New York, but goes, at Mr. Dodge's request, to all parts of the country.

First Actor—"I am in a quandary. I have been offered an engagement by two managers, and I don't know how to act."

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### The Progressive Stage Society

The Progressive Stage Society, as already stated in these columns, was organized by a group of theatre enthusiasts who wish to present plays unhampered by box-office considerations. The expenses of each production are defrayed out of the dues, each subscription of fifty cents entitling the subscriber to one seat. They have already given two performances with volunteer talent—one at Carnegie Lyceum, when two plays, "The Scab," by Elsa Barker, and "Miner and Soldier," translated from the French of Mme. Tola Dorian, were seen. There was much merit in both of these performances, which were given under all kinds of difficulties. It was unwise to present in succession two pieces dealing with the labor question, as this might give rise to the belief that the Society is committed to socialistic propaganda.



JULIUS HOPP,  
President of the Progressive Stage Society

but it was originally intended to have a comedy sandwiched in between the two serious plays, and his part of the programme miscarried. Miss Barker's piece, "The Scab," was well constructed and impressive in its realistic picture of the struggle between capital and labor, but some of the speeches were too long and the sympathies of the author too evident. It was well acted by Roy Dana Tracy, Anne Troop, Carline Carman, John de Persia and Charles James. In "The Miner and the Soldier," a piece written in the Hauptmann manner, there is a strong scene, showing a struggle between filial love and military duty. The soldier is stationed at the mouth of a mine which the striking miners have decided to destroy, and the man sent to blow it up is the sentry's own father. This was very impressive, and was well acted by J. H. Green and Willard Duncan Howe. Otherwise, the piece was gloomy.

The next production by the Society was Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," which had not yet been seen in this country. This performance is of too recent date to admit of review here.

#### Appropriate Music

Smithson, the stage manager of the traveling opera company, was evidently in a towering rage. "I declare," he stormed, "I never saw such wretchedly bad taste—such a scandalous violation of the dramatic unities, such an outrage on all sense of propriety!"

"What's the matter, old man?" asked his friend. "Some of 'em been gagging again?"

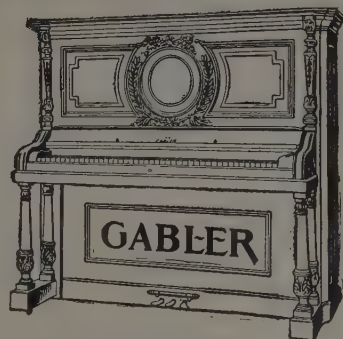
"No, sir!" fumed Smithson. "Worse—a hundred times worse! The opera we put on was William Tell, and the curtain rose on the first scene, displaying the hat of the tyrant Gessler on a pole, to which the hero refuses to bow. I had told the leader of the local orchestra to play something appropriate. But what did that soulless scoundrel do but strike up, 'Where Did You Get That Hat?'"

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### Some Letters Received

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Hotel Marie Antoinette,  
NEW YORK, Dec. 15, 1904.

The Christmas number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE appealed to me as being quite equal, if not superior, to the similar French publication in its *ensemble* of subjects, printed matter and illustrations, and it is a delight to feel we have an artistic publication embodying the highest dramatic and musical interests that attract the intellectual American without the usual attempt at this by *risqué* pictures of actresses in tights, etc. You deserve many compliments for having attained this superiority in the publication, so please accept the sincerest from

Yours very truly,  
SARAH WOOD CLARK.  
(Mrs. J. Mitchell Clark.)

159 West 95th St.  
NEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1904.

It was only yesterday that I had a chance to go through the Christmas THEATRE, and I really must congratulate you on the best thing of the kind I have seen. I enjoyed every line of it, and the illustrating is finely done.

Yours faithfully,  
J. I. C. CLARKE.

Fraternal News Publishing Co.,  
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Dec. 5, 1904.

I desire to extend to you my hearty congratulations on the success which you have scored with the Christmas number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, and to express my appreciation not only of the exquisite appearance of the magazine, but also of the taste displayed in the selection of articles, the abundance of high-grade illustrations and, in a word, the general literary merit of the magazine. With best wishes for your continued success, I am,

Respectfully yours,  
THOS. J. COMERFORD,  
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### TO CONTRIBUTORS

ARTICLES.—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration special articles on dramatic or musical topics, short stories dealing with life on the stage, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions not found to be available.

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The Editor will be pleased to answer in this department all reasonable questions asked by our readers.

R. L. D.—Q.—Kindly publish a picture of Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian."

A.—We published one in our June, 1904, number.

PHOEBUS.—Q. (1)—Have you had an interview with E. H. Sothern?

A.—Yes, in our March, 1903, issue.

Q. (2)—Will the Sothern-Marlowe Company act in New York this season?

A.—They have just ended an engagement in New York.

B. C., Toronto.—Q.—Please give me Miss Julia Marlowe's address.

A.—Care Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre, this city.

S. R. C., New Haven, Conn.—Q.—Kindly tell me the whereabouts of Guy Bates Post?

A.—With the "Virginian" company. See the *Clipper* or *Mirror* for its route.

C. H. S., Sammonsville, N. Y.—Q. (1)—Can any one get an engagement on the stage without first going to a dramatic school?

A.—It is not necessary to have a dramatic school "education" to get on the stage. If you possess the least dramatic talent, get an engagement in a stock company in a subordinate position and work yourself up.

Q. (2)—Please give me James K. Hackett's address?

A.—Care Walter Lawrence, Madison Square Theatre, this city.

Q. (3)—Can you give me an address of any dramatic agent in New York?

A.—Col. T. Allston Brown, 1358 Broadway, City; E. L. Fernandez, Amsterdam Theatre; Gregory and Bellevue, Holland Building, 140 Broadway.

A. A. B., N. B. Canada.—Q. (1)—Kindly let me know where Mr. Carl Exthrum is?

A.—You evidently mean Carl Eckstrom. We cannot locate him, although his last address was 114 West 45th St.

Q. (2)—Where can I obtain a photograph of him?

A.—We do not know.

L. B. O., Montgomery, Ala.—Q. (1)—Has Louis James retired?

A.—No. He is at present in "The Two Orphans."

Q. (2)—Is Mrs. Leslie Carter going to retire from the stage next season?

A.—We have no reason to imagine so.

Q. (3)—What is Mme. Marchesi's address?

A.—59 rue Joffroy, Paris, France.

Q. (4)—Is it possible to get Sarah Bernhardt's autograph?

A.—You might have trouble in getting it from Mme. Bernhardt, but no doubt some of the many collectors in this city have it for sale.

C. H., Columbia, Pa.—Q.—Where will a letter reach Goldwin Patton, starring in "The Only Way?"

A.—We believe the company has closed, so we cannot give the address desired.

G. E. P., Providence, R. I.—Q. (1)—Is Alan Dale, the dramatic editor of the *New York Journal* dead?

A.—Alan Dale appears to be alive, for he writes us: "As far as I am aware, I am still in this material world. Telepathy from various theatrical centres sometimes prompts me to believe that I am what so many wish. I'm sorry, but I seem healthy. I can't help it. I take every risk. I have been threatened with all sorts of picturesque deaths by those who deem me at least unnecessary. I know of one actor who was punched, and hurt, in the belief that he was Alan Dale. He wasn't. I was spared. Isn't it a pity? Yes, I am surely alive, or I was when I last took stock in myself. That was some time ago."

Q. (2)—Is there any way in which one can tell where an actor or actress will be each week?

A.—The only way is to consult the dramatic newspapers that publish routes of the different companies.

Q. (3)—What is the name of the song that Trempass sings in "The Virginian?"

A.—Write Kirke LaShelle, Knickerbocker Theatre, N. Y. City.

Q. (4)—What is Mrs. Woodward's name who is with Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe?

A.—We do not know her maiden name.

A. M. R.—Q.—Will Lillian Russell come to St. Louis this year?

A.—Yes, to the Garrick Theatre.

(Continued on page xiv.)

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## New Dramatic Books

**LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.** By WILLIAM J. ROLFE. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co.

In a selected limited library of Shakespeariana, this volume would secure an assured place. Mr. Rolfe is in no degree imaginative, and his speculations are confined to a discussion of facts. That is actually known of Shakespeare's life from documents and from reference to him is little, but a careful shifting and verification of numerous points that have been brought forward in recent years afford a certain newness of information. The statement made by George Stevens, who wrote somewhat more than a hundred years ago, has been commonly accepted as true, namely, that: "All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is, that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, married and had children there; went to London, where he commenced acting and wrote poems and plays; returned to Stratford, made his will, died and was buried."

This, of course, refers to facts of a personal nature, along with the incidental dates, and does not include the mass of notes upon his plays. Mr. Rolfe marshals all the known facts, which are considerably more than may be included in the five paragraphs cited. Much of it remains of peculiar interest only to the Shakespearian scholar, such as whether Shakespeare was born on April 22 or April 23, 1564; to whom the sonnets were addressed, the proper spelling of his name; whether he meant to slight his wife, in his will, giving her the second best bed; the circumstances of his marriage; his first occupation at the Theatre in London; the probable truth as to his having held horses before the Theatre, and the like. Nearly all these discussions are familiar to those who have any knowledge of the literature of the subject, but Mr. Rolfe sustains the interest in them, and his own conclusions have an air of reality. Without attempting to go over the ground covered by the book, which is restricted, as far as possible, to the personal bearings of all the known facts, it may be said that the strong impression is left that Shakespeare was accepted of his greatness during his lifetime, that his prosperity was material, and that social distinction and advancement clearly belonged to his family by reason of his distinction. He disposes satisfactorily of the legend that Shakespeare came to an untimely death by reason of a drunken bout when visited by his friends, Drayton and Ben Jonson. It is more likely that the disease of which he died was induced by the wretched sanitary conditions of the immediate neighborhood of his home.

As an example of the minuteness of the research concerning Shakespeare, an example is to be found in the record of the quartos of "Titus Andronicus." Rolfe makes mention of the evidence, in Longbaine's dramatic poetry, that the play was first printed in quarto in London in 1594. It has been believed that no copy survived that edition, and this register of the quarto is so given by Rolfe. It happens that after the publication of this very life of Shakespeare, and in the month of January of this year, it is claimed that a house of a countryman of Sweden has been discovered an almost perfect copy of this 1594 quarto of "Titus Andronicus." This newly discovered precious quarto will probably be taken to England and sold at auction at Sotheby's, where it is estimated that it will probably fetch £10,000, some suggesting that it will bring a much higher price, £2,000 or £3,000.

**COMEDIES AND LEGENDS FOR MARIONETTES.** A Theatre for Boys and Girls. By GEORGINA GODDARD KING. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is a novel book that should be very welcome to those youngsters who possess a toy theatre. The authoress in her preface tells how she came to write it: "Long ago, when people gave me toy theatres in which the actors were paper dolls, or mere silhouettes for shadow comedies, I always threw away the accompanying printed plays because I found them dull and silly." So she wrote plays to suit herself, and these appear in this little volume, which is admirably illustrated, showing exactly how each character works. Her repertoire includes three comedies: "The Loyal Hero," "Columbine's Marriage," and "The Magic of the Two Legends: 'The Legend of St. Francis' and 'The Legend of St. Dorothy,'" and two pantomimes: "Snowflake and the Dwarfs" and "Mother Hubbard and the Dog." The little book contains practical advice on the making of the acting dolls, properties, scenery, etc., and indeed may be regarded as a valuable technical guide to Marionettedom.

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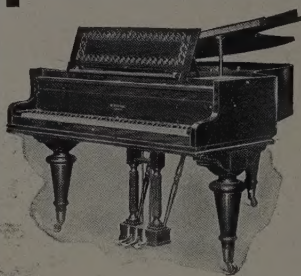
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